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The Literary World was removed on the 15th ult. to 109 Nassau street, where all Communications, Letters, &c., must be hereafter addressed.

\* Subscriptions received at ADRIANCE, SHERMAN & Co.'s, 2 Astor House, Broadway.

## MR. JARED SPARKS'S LIBERTIES WITH GEORGE WASHINGTON.

An article which appears in the *Evening Post*, and which we have transferred to another page of this paper, brings before the public a remarkable example of the privileges which an editor will sometimes take to himself, in the exercise of an assumed discretion—to the injury of biography and the misrepresentation of his subject. It appears that a considerable portion of the Revolutionary letters of George Washington published in Mr. Sparks's collection of his Writings, which we have always regarded as an authoritative national work, have been altered, abridged, and, we regret to add, mutilated; and this without notice of the changes! It is a bold privilege which the editor has assumed—a privilege which he will have great difficulty in sustaining before a country jealous of the fame and integrity of Washington. Looking at the whole circumstance as it is detailed, and the nature of the alterations, it appears to us one of the most flagrant acts of the kind in literary history. Mr. Sparks, it will be noted, was using MSS. then unpublished, which accident might have put for ever beyond the power of again speaking for themselves as they do in Mr. Reed's subsequent publication.

The prudence of Washington, it certainly seems to us, is of a character which needed no extraneous support from Jared Sparks. He left no line, which, "dying, he would wish to blot." In the letters which we have read from his pen, even on the most trifling subjects and most familiar occasions, there appear always a decorum and propriety as remarkable as the well known neatness of the penmanship. He had no words to throw away in conversation of an unsettled or frivolous character; and it may always be taken for granted, in his case, above that of most others, that what he wrote he meant. Nor were there faults of grammar or spelling, would it be necessary in his case to correct them for the benefit of his reputation. Lord Holland, in his *Reminiscences*, tells us that Napoleon "in the mechanical part of literature, certainly was no adept; his handwriting was nearly illegible. His orthography was certainly not correct; that of few Frenchmen, not professed authors, was so thirty years ago."

A man's character may be superior to the education of his times, and it is not as grammarians or orthographers that such men as Washington and Napoleon live in history.

But these charges are of a graver kind. They are interpolations of a supposed "dignity of history" and a suppression of the truth which, to the extent carried, is an assertion of the false.

The truth is, that Washington's character has suffered somewhat, with popular admiration, by its level smoothness and a supposed exceeding cautiousness. Those who know his life, know that he had always strong passion at command; and philosophers know that it is only strong passion which can beget, in circumstances such as those in which Washington was placed, so perfect an evenness of movement. The ship in the midst of surges and tempest must have a strong headway on of wind or steam to preserve its position. There must be a powerful furnace to reduce the rough iron to its state of limpid smoothness. It is "the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion" which "must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." Now, it makes Washington not less but more a man to the multitude when they can see his acts of Rebellion (for such they were) in the making—in the first flush of indignation at British outrage—or home privateersmen; when we can see the weakness of our warfare in its lack of the primary element of "powder;" or when we can gather the familiar nature of the recruits in such characteristic phrases as Old Put. What is *General Putnam*, substituted by Mr. Sparks, compared to "Old Put?" What will the history of General Jackson and General Taylor be without "Old Hickory" or "Old Zach." A popular nickname, really accredited, is as true as a proverb. Washington, we may be sure, will bear to be looked at in undress. His figure is a good one without the tailor. The public has seen him too exclusively on horseback and in his regimentals. We want to be nearer to the man. Every reader has felt this—and the biographer who will best supply this by personal anecdotes, even if they fall below that excessive bugbear, the dignity of history, will be the truest and best biographer.

But there is really no question to discuss—for in the publication of original documents of this kind there is no latitude to be allowed to an editor. The writer in the *Post* says that he could offer more proof of Mr. Sparks's injuries to Washington were not the point "merged in a graver question, which I leave with editors and reviewers to determine. It is for them to say whether it falls within the line of a historian's or a biographer's duty to alter or garble a historical document for any purpose whatever." To this question we presume there can be but one answer, and, to our readers, it would be idle to argue the matter. Certain cases indeed may arise. In an old document the indelicacy of a past age may, in a popular work, be inadmissible, but the omission should be stated as an omission:—or nearer the present day it may be inexpedient to publish truths or statements concerning living persons. These are, however, cases which take care of themselves, and none of them now apply to

Washington. There should be no presumption raised by an annalist other than the true one; and we are manifestly deceived when we think we are reading the *ipsissima verba* of George Washington, and we are in fact only reading a part of what he thought fit to write on the occasion—with the supplementary matter, indeed, of his editor.

There is no reputation it would seem from literary annals, to look beyond this case of Mr. Sparks, too high, no historic fame too lofty, for the well assured abilities of editorship to trifle with. Talk of the daring and boldness of genius; they are nothing to the hardihood of stupidity. Dulness seeks the highest quarry, and nothing short of a Shakspeare will content its aspirations. It is the deadly parasite of nobility. Think of Rymer's Reflections on Shakspeare. There was a man once by the name of Dr. Farmer, a worthy man doubtless, too, who took it upon himself to inform a Mr. Steevens, both worthy men—prowling about the tomb of Shakspeare—that the fine edged passage in Hamlet—

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will,"

was *merely technical*—that Shakspeare's father was a butcher, and that this was the way he made his skewers! clinching this profound argument by the personal statement—"I have frequently seen packages of wool pinned up with skewers." After which we may ask was Dr. Farmer a sheep's head, and did he wear hair pins? There was once upon a time, too, a gentleman of Oxford, who took it upon himself to turn Milton's *Paradise Lost* into prose *at once*, and went through with it, getting rid of all inversions and beginning, "Heavenly spirit of truth and harmony assist me!" One Bishop Sprat, a very worthy man of his day and an elegant writer, had, he tells us in his "account of the Life of Mr. Abraham Cowley," one of the "greatest collections of his letters." He tells us, too, they are admirable, which we can well believe of the poet, for their "native tenderness and innocent gaiety of mind"—but he adds, "nothing of this nature should be published! In such letters the souls of men appear undressed; and in that negligent habit they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroad in the streets." To this absurd notion English literature is indebted for the loss of one of the most rare and delightful means of social and moral culture in the unrecovered letters of Cowley.

There is no end of these liberties when a dull man once gets hold of a great author. How the fine gold vanishes and the fancy becomes dim! We have seen it applied in various ways. It is not unknown in a certain devitalizing school in American literature, abounding in examples of the desiccated style where fancy, if it ever existed, is suppressed and imagination starved—where the Nine Muses would not be received as day laborers—where slow Dulness serpentine along the vast plain of Platitude. The *New England Magazine* once applied this antiplogistic treatment to Mr. Dana, unable to bridge over the airy flights of his *Buccaneer* and other poems.

A defect of imagination is the vice of a cer-

tain school of writers. In their love of deccencies and their self-respect for mediocrity, they would have every department of literature reduced to the Pickwickian propriety of a diplomatic correspondence. Every assertion is to be so qualified by conditions and reduced by expletives, that it comes to the reader weakened, and incapable of conveying a stirring impression. We are no admirers of the sensation school—a noisy bore is more dreadful than a quiet one—but for vigor, life, poetic vitality, there are precedents in nearly every classic author in the language. The imagination in its due use and exercise is not for poets and orators only, but for prose writers—essayists, travellers, and historians. It is an enormous mistake of the vulgar to suppose that the imagination is exclusively occupied in seeing things which do not exist; perhaps its rarest, certainly its most valuable exercise, is in seeing things which are. Of two accounts of an everyday matter the man of sound imagination will give you the best—for he will be the best able to transfer himself to the condition of each actor, and report dramatically what he sees. A man of true imagination would never make the error of misinterpreting George Washington.

#### INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

In an article in the *Literary World* of the date of Jan. 25, it was urged, as a "practical suggestion for the World's Fair," that "a meeting of authors and others, in a common interest (of whom there will be, doubtless, a general representation at the coming Exhibition), be held at London in the spring of '51, to arrange a general understanding among the nations, by which the authors of all countries shall enjoy their rights, in full, in every other; and that every restriction or denial by which they have been heretofore disfranchised, shall be removed at once and for ever." A similar idea seems to have presented itself simultaneously to our contemporary, the *London Athenæum*. That journal of the date of Jan. 18, received by the steamer *Africa*, suggests "that in the coming summer, when the notables of America—and probably a sufficient representation of all the notables of Europe—will be present, a literary congress should be held to discuss the interests of literature, and to form an international society, having for object to get a new and friendly law adopted by nations. If the literary men of England would at once assume the initiative—meet together, name a provisional committee, and call especially on their transatlantic brethren—there is yet time for such preliminary action on the other side of the water as would be needed, to give to a certain number of literary men coming hither, an official and representative character—a right to speak in behalf of American literature. But these measures, to be successful, must be adopted with no further loss of time. The booksellers, too, should be up and stirring. The work will be half accomplished the moment the first steps are taken. There has, perhaps, never been a time so propitious for laying the principle on a broad basis."

Thus far for the *Athenæum*. Its spirit is hopeful, and its recommendation as reasonable. There is but one opinion, we believe, among the literary men of this country on this subject. We have had opportunity to test it, and found it uniformly bearing witness to the right and expediency of a general international copyright. What the authors of the country could do by argument in book, pamphlet, and newspaper, they have done. An organization, the *Ame-*

*rican Copyright Club*, with Mr. Bryant for its President, was effected. The legislature at Washington has been memorialized again and again. Bills have been drafted in both houses. A favorable report was once made by Mr. Clay, in the Senate. An untoward accident, the bursting of the Paixhan gun on board the Princeton, with the loss of the members of the Cabinet, once defeated the action of a committee of the House. A new session of Congress at another time broke up a favorable committee of that body, on the eve of reporting a bill. But with all this, nothing has yet been accomplished at Washington. *The topic has not, as yet, been introduced in any President's Message*, as a desirable international act. In the meantime the justice and expediency of the measure have received new demonstrations. The interests of writers on both sides of the Atlantic have grown steadily with the progress of the times. In a moral, and fraternal, and equitable view, the question is stronger now than ever it was. As a question of balance of trade the American interest has advanced in Europe. Our books are more in demand there, and our authors would receive more by the proposed act. We have pointed out the cessation of a copyright privilege of our authors in England, for which our country has given no equivalent. For the interests of our booksellers, the telling disclosures of the correspondence between Mr. Putnam and the Messrs. Harper, published in our last number, touching the republication of Mr. Borrow's "Lavengro," surely speak for the proposed law in no equivocal language. There is now no protection for the American bookseller in the enjoyment of his uncopyrighted property. It may, and probably will, be seized whenever it is of importance enough to attract the attention of trade competition. The Correspondence we have alluded to reads like a bookseller's version of "the well known fable of *Æsop*," of the Wolf and the Lamb. At least we are left to gather from the inuendos and allusions of these documents, which are not so definitely "elucidated" as could be desired, that there is no fixed code among publishers for the appropriation of the books of English authors, or any system of agreement among themselves whatever. If there is any, we should like to know what it is, that we may weigh its importance, and do justice to all parties. *Tros Tyriusve*, Harper or Putnam, makes no sort of difference to us in the question.

With these impressions of the favorable opinions of all authors, and a majority of the "trade," we presume there would be no difficulty in getting up a meeting to appoint delegates to act in the matter, as occasion should arise, at the World's Fair. We will cheerfully promote any movement tending to secure the mutual rights of British and American authors. Should the former, as the *Athenæum* intimates, commence any action, it should be seconded promptly on this side.

The direct mode of action, however, we take to be this. Memorialize the powers in Downing street and the Cabinet in Washington to propose in the most solemn and authoritative manner, at the highest source of influence, an international treaty—which shall become subject of diplomatic correspondence, and be negotiated between Washington and London. When such a treaty, framed by the united wisdom of a Palmerston and a Webster, is brought before the Senate, backed as it will be by the morality of the nation, it will doubtless secure the ready and favorable consideration of that treaty-making department of our Government. Newspaper and pamphlet dis-

cussion has prepared the way. We need now diplomatic action.

#### AN ORIGINAL JAPANESE NOVEL.

##### THE SIX FOLDING SCREENS OF LIFE.

Now first translated into English by WORTHINGTON G. SKETHEN, of Washington, D. C.

(Continued from the last number.)

THE affection of Sakitsi for her mother, Miosau, was as pure as the fragrance of the young plum trees' tufted blossom. It had ripened like the luscious fruit of the plum tree into filial obedience.

Where blooms the love-flower, suspended from balconies and filling the shrubless streets with perfume, there the bridges borrow their names from the plum trees and the cherry trees. The lofty fir tree, with its evergreen and needle-shaped leaf, skirts the street of the sun, and while the tender tones of distant lutes discoursed rich music, rising and swelling upon the breeze, there were hearts that ached.

Mitsumon Sakitsi, without stopping to inquire for Wofana, thrust the hundred taels which he had received from his mother into his bosom, and walked up and down the water-side, in front of the house of Utsukawa. While intently surveying the house, he had the good fortune to descry the form of Komatsu, in an inner chamber of the second story, leaning forward as though looking for some one with great impatience. He clapped his hands, as a signal that some one was near who wanted to speak with her. She immediately recognised the person of her lover, though obscured by the shades of evening, and beckoned to him to hasten to her side. Joy once more filled his heart, that the beloved one was near: and eager to know how he could reach her chamber without being seen, he mounted the weather-boarding, under cover of the night, and asked her the question in a loud voice. All at once a host of dogs rushed upon him, howling at the top of their voices, as though they would tear him to pieces. The eaves-stones were at hand: he seized one of them and threw it at the furious animals. At that moment the bundle of the hundred taels fell out of his bosom. Not noticing its fall, he mistook it for a stone, stooped, picked it up, and hurled it violently against his assailants. In its course it broke the lantern of a covered boat lying quietly in the distance and fastened to the river-shore.

"What is that you are throwing, wife?" cried a voice more than half asleep.

Sakitsi instantly retreated, to avoid detection. In retiring, he came in contact with the desolate Komatsu's exquisitely wrought girdle, hanging among the ivy and sumach, from a fir tree. Scarcely had he possessed himself of the precious treasure, than Komatsu, who was seated in her window, bade him ascend by the trellis-work upon the wall. He did so; and, as he entered the window, he could not help exclaiming, in some pain—

"Had I announced my name properly, at the door, at first, I should not have injured my leg as I have done, and have been taken for a robber besides, in this adventure."

Komatsu wept when he entered her apartment.

"There is but little time for conversation," said she. "I am already half dead. Things are precisely as Wofana has told you. I am upon the eve of being separated from you, to be carried back to the province, and there to be married to another. Oh! give me death, I beseech you, in preference to such a fate!"

Sakitsi gently laid his hand upon her mouth.



"Oh! say but the word. Let us be united without a moment's delay; and then you may return to your parents' roof in the province without apprehension, and free from care and trouble."

"Alas! your allusion to my almost forgotten home adds to my grief. Even the rod with which they used to correct me is an object of pleasing remembrance; and my parents, who so often relented when I did wrong, and spared me the infliction of punishment, them I never can forget. Although my foster-brother, who has come to carry me home, may be unable to remember my features, yet he is one of my kinsmen in the province, and when he comes to see me he will be able, without the slightest difficulty, to discover in my face, notwithstanding I have been reduced to the necessity of serving in an inn, that grief of the heart which is wedded to the hair-anointing water lilies of the field upon the Great Island,—fit emblems of my despair and my death!"

She fell upon the floor, and for some minutes was motionless.

Sakitsi at length aroused her.

"Komatsu, when I got permission to come hither, which was with some difficulty, my good mother gave me one hundred taels for my especial use: I took them; and without losing a moment I slipped unobserved through a side door, and hurried to your side. Take this gold to Wofana and lay it in her lap, without saying a word about me, as though it were a contribution from a strange quarter. It surely was here!" exclaimed he, searching for the packet with great trepidation. "It surely was here! Ha! what I threw at those dogs and took for a stone was my bundle of money, which had fallen upon the ground, and I knew not what I was doing! Oh! fool that I was! Had I only secured it in a handkerchief this would never have happened."

Komatsu saw his disappointment with alarm.

"Misfortunes multiply upon us," said she, "and nothing is left for me but death! And this is the course of things! When I regain my liberty through the kindness of another, and feel myself restored to life once more, I am told it is necessary for me to return to my home; and when I arrive under my father's roof I am told, further, that it is necessary for me to become the wife of a man whom I know not! Oh! kill me, I beseech you, Sakitsi, kill me! I would fall by your hand, and yours alone. Behold! I am the daughter of a soldier, and I have here a sword ready at hand for the hour of misery. Take this sword, young man, plunge it into my bosom, and with it lead me home to the Gods of Death! Then, indeed, shall we be united, never to be separated!"

"Should I ever again be separated from you, Komatsu, there will be no more hope left for me on earth. A passing cloud threw its shadow, and I mistook the hundred taels for a stone or a clod. It is better for me to die than to live!"

"So will you then be a sharer of my joy, Sakitsi! Let us be thankful that we have found a way to escape from these troubles. Now to other matters; the guest who was to be here this evening was entertained by the persons whom I used to serve, at their Inn. It is fortunate for us that he has been so long detained."

At this moment a voice came out of the antechamber that had been kept in readiness for the arrival of the guest:

"Komatsu! Komatsu! the guest has arrived!"

The terrified Komatsu instantly thrust Sa-

kitsi in a closet-table,\* and summoning all her energies to her aid, with a view to enable her to converse to the best advantage, she composed herself, and assumed a satisfied air. Opening a white paper screen, and preventing the newly arrived guest from seeing her face, she commenced the conversation:

"If my stay at the inn is at all disagreeable to you, I will promptly leave it whenever you desire it. I think I am entitled to ask whither the attendant of our house went to-day? but as I do not know him, I will not press the question."

With these words she concealed her face still more, and covered with her sleeve a little wooden kitchen standing close by. The guest, not being able to understand what all this meant, impatiently flitted the leaves of his fan together, and earnestly leaned forward. Wofana, dreading lest Komatsu would not express herself as she ought to do in the presence of a man, anxiously inquired—

"Komatsu, do you not know this person?"

"I do. He is the guest whom I have twice met to-day. He seems to be a very great person, and is quite welcome."

"No, no: you are wrong. He is the person who has come for you—Riusuke. Oh, Komatsu! I am ashamed of you!"

When Komatsu heard this, she partly arose, and then burst into tears.

"You, sir," at last she exclaimed, in a tone of anguish,—“you, sir, shall never reduce me to the dishonor you have in store for me!”

Riusuke endeavored to appease her.

"Oh! do not give way," said he, "to such violent feelings! Far from your home in Kamakura, of which you appear to have lost all recollection, you humbled yourself to become a servant; but you were not known to any one, and this is, therefore, not regarded as a blemish upon your reputation. I am Jukimuro Riusuke, now in the service of the house of Momono. I, the son of your nurse, your foster-brother, and one of your kinsmen. Though my connexion with this business has aroused in your bosom a dislike to me, no doubt, lest I should come to know your secrets, yet I assure you they are all known to me already. I knew I could not get at the real state of things from what Fanajo would tell me, and therefore I instituted inquiries in other quarters, and the result of those inquiries was, that the flowery-house boasted of having a beautiful niece by the name of Komatsu, who was a great belle. In order to see for myself, I became a guest in this house, and after four or five days' observation, the handsome young man with whom I saw you in the outer hall explained everything. I forthwith obtained, through the district authorities, the requisite sum of money, and, after a brief interview with the master of the house of Tokuwaka, I obtained your release, and the surrender of your bond. From this day forward you are once more a free woman; and how do you act on so important an occasion? You treat the boon you have received at my hands with contempt! But I have a high duty to perform, and it must be done: it is to carry you to your home; and I advise you to lay aside your dislike to me, and look upon your rescue from shame and misfortune with joy rather than distress. I know all about the disposition of the money for which you sold yourself, and which you were anxious to keep secret; and I am not indebted to either Tofei or Fanajo for that knowledge."

He uttered these words in a decided tone of

voice. Komatsu seemed to pay no attention whatever to him, and Wofana intervened and spoke without reserve.

"I have already told you the reason, sir, why I let Misawo continue in service; and whatever you may think of my error in so doing, I beg of you not to blame her with it. Although an opportunity is now afforded to her to return to her native home in the Province, yet there is a delicate negotiation going on between her and another person that is not yet concluded. Could it not be so arranged, through your aid, that intelligence of this fact should be communicated in proper terms to the Province, so that permission might be obtained that, after her marriage with the person who now seeks her hand, she may reside here in Naniwa with her husband?"

At these words Komatsu wept and sobbed.

"If it cannot be as Wofana says, I will be as immovable as the mountains, and as uncontrollable as the sea. Should my parents grant me this favor, I will leave my body behind me here, longing as I do, from morning to night, for union with the object of my affections, and I will be with thy spirit, in the bosom of my mother. It will not, then, be long before the world, that knows so little, shall learn what the daughter of a soldier can do. If I am attached to any spot in this world, it is to Naniwa. I beseech you, say that Misawo is ill; say that she is dead; say anything, only leave me where I am. Never, never will I go to the Province!"

As she thus spoke, with her hands folded before her in despair, Riusuke replied, with tears in his eyes—

"Even the water-lily, with its modestly retiring leaf, has its faults; so you, Komatsu, though your infancy passed in the bosom of your family, have yours. You have lived in an elevated sphere, yet you have a fickle heart, which is the fruit of the neglect of home education in your later years. Your honored mother called me to her, when I was about to depart, and said—'I am old, and ready to give up my hair and become a nun. But lest Misawo, when she returns and sees me thus disfigured, may grieve, I will remain as I am, for her sake. Bring her to me quickly. I rely upon you, Riusuke.' Thus spoke my mistress, and all her hopes hang upon me as the leaf hangs upon the branch. Shall I, while she awaits the coming of her lovely daughter with a mother's impatience, return alone, and with empty hands? Indeed, I do not know whether your esteemed father, when he comes to see that he has betrothed you, in vain, to another in the Province, will not at once escape from disgrace by taking his own life. Fanajo does not unite with me, it is true, in trying to induce you to return to Kamakura, because she indulges in the hope that your father may be persuaded thereby to relax his purpose, and permit you to be married away from home; but this is a vain expectation. He has affianced his daughter to one of the rice merchants at Dozima, to a citizen who is worth ten thousand taels, and I have been summoned to become the agent of the bridegroom in conducting his rice business. Shall I neglect the orders and interests of people like these, to listen to the wishes of a housewife at Naniwa? If I am excited, and betray unusual warmth in what I have said, it is because of the high respect I cherish for Misawo. Alas! your beloved mother, who does not dream of anything like this, counts the hours, and anxiously asks herself whether it will be to-day or to-morrow that she shall look for you? Be-

\* A table inclosed with sache or linen all round.

hold! here is a letter from her. Read it, and seriously reflect upon it!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

### LITERATURE.

#### HILDRETH'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.\*

IN entering on this, the second stage of his undertaking, Mr. Hildreth is properly impressed with the greater delicacy of his charge, and addresses himself to its management in a spirit which at once commends him to our favorable regards. The present volume begins the proper History of the United States; embracing, as it does, the period subsequent to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. He is laboring in the middle era, between the shadowy colonial times and our own immediate epoch of the daily newspaper. That intermediate generation stands in a double light, shining on their backs from the past, and meeting their forward faces from the future. Having just shaken clear the yoke of an old domination, they were called to assume the simple raiment of the Republic. Two parties, of necessity, arose; the one with a lingering regard for the old forms which the revolution had assailed: the other, disposed to strip man to a condition of nature, and re-clothe him from head to foot. Of these parties and their struggles: the conflicts of opinion in reference to the Constitution, which was the embodied public opinion of the country: its acceptance by a majority of the States: the uprisings and violence of the anti-federal sentiment: and the crowning election of a President, under its provisions, Mr. Hildreth gives a clear, but, perhaps, in some particulars, too detailed a record.

In reference to the working of the constitution and the general machinery of the new institutions of the country, we have an ample exposition, with the early debates in Congress: the first messages of the presidents: with the policy and action of the Federal Government in the various channels of home and foreign intercourse. Throughout these Mr. Hildreth is always painstaking, careful in statement, and impartial in motive, although not without traces of a very distinct leaning. From its fulness, a certain determinate unity of purpose and treatment, and the clear and ample exhibition of the representative men of the historical period over which it spreads, we can safely pronounce this a most satisfactory sequel to the previous volumes, and a substantial augury of the merits of the volumes to come. As of the minor matters of the volume (with the seed, however, of an influence greater than their seeming) we give this memorandum in the second Installation of Washington:—

"The forms proper to be observed at Washington's entrance upon his second term of office became a subject of consideration in the cabinet. Jefferson was for the greatest possible simplicity. He proposed that the president should take the oath of office privately at his own house; a certificate of it to be deposited in the Department of State. By no means willing that Jefferson should purchase at this very cheap rate the reputation of being the only Republican in the cabinet, Hamilton readily fell in with the same idea. Knox and Randolph dissented; and, in conformity with their opinion, Washington took the oath of office publicly in the Senate Chamber, in presence of the heads of departments, the foreign ministers, and

\* The History of the United States of America, from the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the end of the Sixteenth Congress. By Richard Hildreth. In three Volumes. Vol. I.—Administration of Washington. New York: Harper & Brothers.

other functionaries, prefacing the ceremony by a short speech.

"Convinced of the folly of giving occasion to his enemies by a sumptuous style of living—especially as he had to do it at his own expense—Adams had given up his house at Philadelphia and gone into lodgings, leaving Mrs. Adams at home to manage the farm. 'My style of living,' he wrote to his wife, 'is quite popular. I am so well satisfied with my present simplicity, that I am determined never to depart from it again so far as I have done. My expenses for the future shall, at all events, be within my income—nay, within my salary. I will no longer be the miserable dupe of vanity. I will never travel but by stage, nor live at the seat of government but in lodgings, while they give me so despicable an allowance.' But, while one topic of political declamation was thus lost, another was found. The celebration of Washington's birthday by visits of congratulation, and by balls, parties, and other festivities, not in Philadelphia only, but in many other principal cities and towns, appeared to the Republicans an alarming step towards monarchy, and became the subject of bitter complaints in Freneau's paper, and others of the same leaning. Clark, of New Jersey, a zealous member of the new Republican party, carried his political puritanism so far as to move in the House that the mace, being 'an unmeaning symbol, unworthy the dignity of a republican government, be sent to the mint, broken up, and the silver coined and placed in the treasury'—a motion for which more than half the opposition voted. These things may seem to be trifles, but are not without importance, as going to show the jealous and irritable state of the public mind."

And, as making a singular and unexpected disclosure in regard to two of the eminent men of that age, we have this:

"Nothing, indeed, could be more different or remarkable than the positions respectively occupied by Jefferson and Hamilton in relation to the public press. Jefferson always spoke of the newspapers with all the marked contempt of old-fashioned times, as little better than vehicles of slander and abuse. He affected not to read them, and to write for them he seemed to think a degradation, or worse. Yet no one was better aware than he of their effects on public opinion, whether by way of argument or of declamation and personal attack. No one felt their stings more acutely, or was more anxious to turn even their most poisoned weapons against his opponents. Freneau was not the only newspaper editor, as we shall have occasion hereafter to see, with whom he formed pretty intimate relations, and who became the emphatic exponents of his bitter and not always very scrupulous enmities, however he might himself abstain from formal and actual authorship. As cautious how he committed himself in print as he was free-spoken in his private correspondence, of all the men of the Revolution capable of producing a newspaper essay, Jefferson was perhaps the only one who never touched pen to paper for the political enlightenment of the contemporaneous public. But that which he avoided to do himself, he was constantly stimulating others to do, of which frequent instances will appear in the progress of this history.

"Hamilton, on the other hand, had first raised himself to notice, while yet a mere boy at college, by his contributions to the newspapers in defence of colonial rights. After the conclusion of the war, the same vigorous pen, employed in the same way, had exercised a decisive influence upon several important questions of the state policy of New York; and, in the well known numbers of the Federalist, had contributed not a little to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Finding himself and the whole policy of the federal government, of which he was so conspicuous a member, the objects of constant attack on the part of a newspaper which seemed to be mainly devoted to that single purpose, he did not esteem it any sacrifice of his personal dignity to unmask through a simi-

lar medium the real assailants, and to carry the war into the camp of the enemy. Jefferson affected to consider the attack and the defence of the government in the two gazettes of Freneau and Fenno, as a sort of private controversy between two obscure newspaper rivals, which the government ought to be altogether too dignified to concern itself about in any way, and Hamilton as having greatly committed the decorum and even decency of the administration by condescending to enlist himself in the quarrel as an anonymous writer. Hamilton, on the other hand, considered it in no respect beneath his dignity, either as a man or a minister, to punish with his own pen assaults upon the government which he esteemed as dangerous as they were unjustifiable, and which, though made in the name of Freneau, came, as he believed, in spirit and in substance, if not in form, from Jefferson himself. He could hardly be called, in this case, an anonymous writer. The authorship of his pieces was recognised at once; no attempt was made to conceal it; nor did Hamilton resort to any shuffling to evade his responsibility in the matter. To be published without a name might be said to be of the essence of newspaper compositions. To have come out under his own name in retort upon anonymous adversaries, apart from other objections to it, would have been a piece of singularity which Hamilton had too much tact to adopt."

#### LAVENGRO.\*

[Second Paper.]

MR. BORROW, in his preface, tells us that his book contains "many descriptions of life and manners, some in a very unusual form." The reader will be tempted to exclaim, very unusual! as he is startled by the novelty of a heroine in an old apple woman on old London bridge, the hustling of an Armenian by a pickpocket, the exchange of a Bible for a copy of Moll Flanders, a poisoning by an old gipsy woman, a gentleman of education with white hands tooling a donkey cart about England to mend holes in old brass kettles and the like of that: a dog-fight in dirty Westminster, alternating with a prayer-meeting in Wales; an encounter with a bully on the road, the "Flaming Tinman"—but with all this he will find a good sound substratum of humanity—a probability in the improbability of the apple woman, healthy, hearty animalism in the "stand up" with the tinman. There is nothing in which the world generally is more "out" than in this question of probability. Most persons in a common way regard anything as impossible which does not happen occasionally to themselves, which is a very imperfect way of making up a judgment in the premises. For, considering the minute subdivisions of personal experience in the scheme of modern society, it is hardly to be supposed in this way that one man in ten could form any opinion of one question in a hundred. Others regulate their belief by the authority of certain books. They give a moderate range to their imaginations with favorite authors, will allow Thackeray to dictate to them, but draw the line this side of Sue and Lever. But of the world they really acquire very little knowledge. If a man would know the latter and qualify himself to enjoy Mr. Borrow's revelations from actual experience, let him some day abandon the credit of his tailor, forswear his banker, step out of his house in the Fifth Avenue, and with empty pockets earn two or three hundred dollars a year to live upon. In penetrating the husk of the world to get at this California deposit, he will probably learn something of the moral geology of the society on its surface.

\* Lavengro; the Scholar, the Gipsy, and the Priest. By George Borrow, author of the "Dible in Spain," &c. Putnam.



Strange encounters with men and things will happen, he will make acquaintance with novelty and adventure. Rare privilege of knowing the world, unbought experience, the only apprenticeship to which is an empty purse!

"The scenes of action," says the philological tinker, Borrow, "lie in the British Islands;—pray be not displeased, gentle reader, if perchance thou hast imagined that I was about to conduct thee to distant lands, and didst promise thyself much instruction and entertainment from what I might tell thee of them. I do assure thee that thou hast no reason to be displeased, inasmuch as there are no countries in the world less known by the British than these self-same British Islands, or where more strange things are every day occurring, whether in road or street, house or dingle."

A street funeral is a very ordinary thing, but see what vitality it assumes in Mr. Borrow's hands—the subject, indeed, being Lord Byron.

#### THE FUNERAL OF BYRON.

"One day I found myself about noon at the bottom of Oxford street, where it forms a right angle with the road which leads or did lead to Tottenham Court. Happening to cast my eyes around, it suddenly occurred to me that something uncommon was expected; people were standing in groups on the pavement—the upstairs windows of the houses were thronged with faces, especially those of women, and many of the shops were partly, and not a few entirely closed. What could be the reason of all this? All at once I thought me that this street of Oxford was no other than the far-famed Tyburn way. Oh, oh, thought I, an execution; some handsome young robber is about to be executed at the further end; just so, see how earnestly the women are peering; perhaps another Harry Symms—Gentleman Harry as they called him—is about to be carted along this street to Tyburn tree; but then I remembered that Tyburn tree had long since been cut down, and that criminals, whether young or old, good looking or ugly, were executed before the big stone jail, which I had looked at with a kind of shudder during my short rambles in the city. What could be the matter? Just then I heard various voices cry 'There it comes!' and all heads were turned up Oxford street, down which a hearse was slowly coming; nearer and nearer it drew; presently it was just opposite the place where I was standing, when, turning to the left, it proceeded slowly along Tottenham Road; immediately behind the hearse were three or four mourning coaches, full of people, some of which, from the partial glimpse which I caught of them, appeared to be foreigners; behind these came a very long train of splendid carriages, all of which, without one exception, were empty.

"Whose body is in that hearse?" said I to a dapper-looking individual, seemingly a shopkeeper; who stood beside me on the pavement, looking at the procession.

"The mortal relic of Lord Byron," said the dapper-looking individual, mouthing his words and smirking—"the illustrious poet, which have been just brought from Greece, and are being conveyed to the family vault in . . . shire."

"An illustrious poet, was he?" said I.

"Beyond all criticism," said the dapper man; "all we of the rising generation are under incalculable obligation to Byron; I myself, in particular, have reason to say so; in all my correspondence my style is formed on the Byronic model."

"I looked at the individual for a moment, who smiled and smirked to himself applause, and then I turned my eyes upon the hearse proceeding slowly up the almost endless street. This man, this Byron, had for many years past been the demigod of England, and his verses the daily food of those who read, from the peer to the draper's assistant; all were admirers, or rather worshippers, of Byron, and all doated on his verses; and then I thought of those who, with genius as high as his,

or higher, had lived and died neglected. I thought of Milton abandoned to poverty and blindness; of witty and ingenious Butler consigned to the tender mercies of bailiffs; and starving Otway: they had lived neglected and despised, and, when they died, a few poor mourners only had followed them to the grave; but this Byron had been made a half god of when living, and now that he was dead he was followed by worshipping crowds, and the very sun seemed to come out on purpose to grace his funeral. And, indeed, the sun, which for many days past had hidden its face in clouds, shone out that morn with wonderful brilliancy, flaming upon the black hearse and its tall ostrich plumes, the mourning coaches, and the long train of aristocratic carriages which followed behind. 'Great poet, sir,' said the dapper-looking man, 'great poet, but unhappy.'"

It is with thoughts such as these that De Quincey, and Lamb, and Borrow, and the long line of England's genius, have walked the pavements of London.

When we get at the essential humanity of a man, the rest, the outward act and circumstance, will be readily understood; to further which consummation at this period of our brief introduction of George Borrow to the reader, we beg to make him acquainted with the following passage, which appears in accordance with a declaration in the preface, that "amongst the things attempted in this book is the encouragement of charity, and free and genial manners, and the exposure of humbug, of which there are various kinds." It is introduced in a very naturally grouped picture, with something of English Morland in the handling. Certain poor souls in affliction are comforted by his pitcher of ale. Whereupon George Borrow, colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society, launches forth into this expression of opinion on good ale and teetotalism. Lay brethren, we simply report our author.

#### GOOD ALE.

"Oh, genial and gladdening is the power of good ale, the true and proper drink of Englishmen. He is not deserving of the name of Englishman who speaketh against ale, that is good ale, like that which has just made merry the hearts of this poor family; and yet there are beings, calling themselves Englishmen, who say that it is a sin to drink a cup of ale, and who, on coming to this passage, will be tempted to fling down the book and exclaim, 'The man is evidently a bad man, for behold, by his own confession, he is not only fond of ale himself, but is in the habit of tempting other people with it.' Alas! alas! what a number of silly individuals there are in this world; I wonder what they would have had me do in this instance—given the afflicted family a cup of cold water? go to! They could have found water in the road, for there was a pellucid spring only a few yards distant from the house, as they were well aware—but they wanted not water. What should I have given them? meat and bread? go to! They were not hungry; there was stifled sobbing in their bosoms, and the first mouthful of strong meat would have choked them. What should I have given them? Money! what right had I to insult them by offering them money! Advice! words, words, words; friends, there is a time for everything; there is a time for a cup of cold water; there is a time for strong meat and bread; there is a time for advice, and there is a time for ale; and I have generally found that the time for advice is after a cup of ale. I do not say many cups; the tongue then speaketh more smoothly, and the ear listeneth more benignantly; but why do I attempt to reason with you? do I not know you for conceited creatures, with one idea—and that a foolish one,—a crotchet, for the sake of which ye would sacrifice anything, religion if required—country? There, fling down my book, I do not wish ye to walk any further in my com-

pany, unless you cast your nonsense away, which ye will never do, for it is the breath of your nostrils; fling down my book, it was not written to support a crotchet, for know one thing, my good people, I have invariably been an enemy to humbug."

There is graver matter than this in "Lavengro";—struggles of the spirit too weighty to be transferred from their deep setting in the pages of the book—a story of "The Unpardonable Sin," in the soul conflicts of a Welsh clergyman, which would not be out of place among the sombre narratives of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Of this type of emotions which shadows the out of door realities of the book, the following illustration of a dark phase of mind—"the most remarkable feature of human physiology"—is an index.

#### THE PRINCIPLE OF WOE.

"Oh, how dare I mention the dark feeling of mysterious dread which comes over the mind, and which the lamp of reason, though burning bright the while, is unable to dispel! Art thou, as leeches say, the concomitant of disease—the result of shattered nerves? Nay, rather the principle of woe itself, the fountain-head of all sorrow co-existent with man, whose influence he feels when yet unborn, and whose workings he testifies with his earliest cries, when, 'drowned in tears,' he first beholds the light; for, as the sparks fly upwards, so is man born to trouble, and woe doth he bring with him into the world, even thyself, dark one, terrible one, causeless, unbegotten, without a father. Oh, how unfrequently dost thou break down the barriers which divide thee from the poor soul of man, and overcast its sunshine with thy gloomy shadow! In the brightest days of prosperity—in the midst of health and wealth—how sentient is the poor human creature of thy neighborhood! how instinctively aware that the flood-gates of horror may be cast open, and the dark stream engulf him for ever and ever! Then is it not lawful for a man to exclaim, 'Better that I had never been born!' Fool, for thyself thou wast not born, but to fulfil the inscrutable decrees of thy Creator; and how dost thou know that this dark principle is not, after all, thy best friend; that it is not that which tempers the whole mass of thy corruption? It may be, for what thou knowest, the mother of wisdom, and of great works: it is the dread of the horror of the night that makes the pilgrim hasten on his way. When thou feelest it nigh, let thy safety word be 'Onward'; if thou tarry, thou art overwhelmed. Courage! build great works—'tis urging thee—it is ever nearest the favorites of God—the fool knows little of it. Thou wouldst be joyous, wouldst thou? then be a fool. What great work was ever the result of joy, the puny one? Who have been the wise ones, the mighty ones, the conquering ones of this earth? The joyous? I believe not. The fool is happy, or comparatively so—certainly the least sorrowful, but he is still a fool: and whose notes are sweetest, those of the nightingale, or of the silly lark?"

The literature of "Lavengro" might claim from us special notice. We trust to have another opportunity to notice the writer's Scandinavian studies. How he can enter into the spirit of a book is witnessed by his fine enthusiasm over the old Welsh bard, Ab Gwilym:

#### A POET OF NATURE.

"A strange songster was that who, pretending to be captivated by every woman he saw, was, in reality, in love with nature alone—wild, beautiful, solitary nature—her mountains and cascades, her forests and streams, her birds, fishes, and wild animals. Go to, Ab Gwilym, with thy pseudo-amatory odes to Morfydd, or this or that other lady, fair or ugly; little didst thou care for any of them. Dame Nature was thy love, however thou mayest seek to disguise the truth. Yes, yes, send thy love-message to Morfydd, the fair wanton,

By whom dost thou send it, I would know? by the salmon forsooth, which haunts the rushing stream! the glorious salmon which bounds and gambols in the flashing water, and whose ways and circumstances thou so well describest—see, there he hurries upwards through the flashing water. Halloo! what a glimpse of glory—but where is Morfydd the while? What, another message to the wife of Bwa Bach? Aye, truly; and by whom!—the wind! the swift wind, the rider of the world, whose course is not to be stayed; who gallops o'er the mountain, and, when he comes to broadest river, asks neither for boat nor ferry; who has described the wind so well—his speed and power? But where is Morfydd? And now thou art awaiting Morfydd, the wanton, the wife of the Bwa Bach; thou art awaiting her beneath the tall trees, amidst the underwood; but she comes not; no Morfydd is there. Quite right, Ab Gwilym; what wantest thou with Morfydd? But another form is nigh at hand, that of red Reynard, who, seated upon his chine at the mouth of his cave, looks very composedly at thee; thou startest, bendest thy bow, thy cross-bow, intending to hit Reynard with the bolt just about the jaw; but the bow breaks, Reynard barks and disappears into his cave, which by thine own account reaches hell—and then thou ravest at the misfortune of thy bow, and the non-appearance of Morfydd, and abusest Reynard. Go to, thou carest neither for thy bow nor for Morfydd, thou merely seekest an opportunity to speak of Reynard; and who has described him like thee? the brute with the sharp, shrill cry, the black reverse of melody, whose face sometimes wears a smile like the devil's in the Evangile. But now thou art actually with Morfydd; yes, she has stolen from the dwelling of the Bwa Bach and has met thee beneath those rocks—she is actually with thee, Ab Gwilym; but she is not long with thee, for a storm comes on, and thunder shatters the rocks—Morfydd flees! Quite right, Ab Gwilym; thou hadst no need of her, a better theme for song is the voice of the Lord—the rock shatterer—than the frail wife of the Bwa Bach. Go to, Ab Gwilym, thou wast a wiser and a better man than thou wouldst fain have had people believe."

[From the Evening Post, Feb. 12.]

NUCES LITERARIÆ, BY FRIAR LUBIN.

I HAVE scarcely recovered from the surprise into which I was thrown a few days since, while comparing some original letters of Gen. Washington with the copies given by Sparks, in the twelve volume edition of the work published by him several years since, entitled the "Writings of Washington." Till recently I had never entertained a doubt but these were the genuine writings of our first President, and I should probably have remained of the same opinion till this time, had I not heard that Hallam, whose well trained eye nothing in the departments of historical writing can escape, had remarked a striking difference between some of the letters given by Sparks and letters purporting to be the same, found in other compilations.

With a view of testing the truth of this criticism, and of seeing where the responsibility for the change rested, if any had been made, I procured a copy of the "Life and Correspondence" of Joseph Reed, of Philadelphia, who, you may remember, was for a long time Washington's Military Secretary, and always his most intimate personal friend and confidential correspondent. These volumes, edited by Mr. Reed's grandson, were published about four years ago, and contain a large number of letters from Washington, which I happen to know were transcribed from the originals still in possession of the editor, with verbal and literal exactness. The originals were furnished many years ago to Mr. Sparks, for his use in preparing his work, as appears by a note in Mr.

Reed's first volume (p. 125), which contains an extract of a letter to that effect from Mr. Sparks. The note is a little curious in this connexion, I give it entire:

"In a letter from Professor Sparks to the author, dated 21st February, 1838, he says: 'The letters from Washington to your grandfather, in '75 and '76, which you were so kind as to send to me, and a selection from which I printed, seemed to me the most imperfect I had ever seen from his pen. They were evidently written in great haste, in perfect confidence, and without any thought that they would ever be published. I used more caution in selecting from these letters than from any others.'"

Mr. Reed then adds: "These letters are now for the first time published entire." Mr. Sparks's edition had been published some ten years previous.

Knowing, as I did, that Mr. Reed's transcript was literally and verbally correct, except where the change was indicated, I proceeded to compare some of the letters with the same letters as given by Sparks, and to my utter surprise I found every one had been altered, in what seemed to me important particulars. I found that he had not only attempted to correct the probable oversights and blunders of General Washington, but he had undertaken to improve his style and chasten his language; nay, he had in some instances gone so far as to change his meaning, and to make him the author of sentiments precisely the opposite of what he intended to write.

Permit me to give a few illustrations: Washington writes "By a letter of the 21st instant, from Wooster." Sparks thinks Wooster entitled to have a handle to his name, and so he just puts it "General Wooster."

Washington wrote: "The four thousand men destined for Boston, on the 5th, if the Ministerialist had attempted our works on Dorchester, or the lines at Roxbury, were to have been headed by Old Put." Mr. Sparks puts it Dorchester Heights, and says the men "were to have been headed by General Putnam."

Washington wrote: "Our rascally privateersmen go on at the old rate." "Rascally" is stricken out by Mr. Sparks, who, also, in the same letter, denies to Col. Enos the epithet "noble," bestowed upon him by Washington.

The words in the parenthesis were stricken out of the following sentence, by Sparks. Washington was speaking of the King's Speech in Dec., 1775:

"A volume of them was sent out by the Boston gentry, and, farcical enough, we gave great joy to them (the red coats I mean) without knowing or intending it."

Again: "Search the vast volumes of history through, and I much question whether a case similar to ours is to be found." Mr. Sparks strikes out "vast," the word that gives great impressiveness and dignity to the expression.

"My business," says Washington, "increases very fast, and my distresses, for want of you, along with it." Mr. Sparks says: "and my distresses increase with it."

"He has wrote, however, by the last post to see if his return cannot be dispensed with." Mr. Sparks renders thus: "He has written by the last post to ascertain," &c.

Speaking of attacking Boston, Washington said, "I believe an assault would be attended with considerable loss, and I believe it would succeed if the men would behave well. Without it, unless there is equally bad behavior on the other side, we cannot." The sentence in italics is not given by Sparks.

Washington wrote: "As I thought it a matter of the last importance to secure the command of the North River, I did not think it expedient to countermand the raising of the Continental regiments."

Mr. Sparks endeavors to improve upon his author by inserting "communication" in the place of "command," "deem" in the place of "think," and "Connecticut" in the place of "Continental."

Washington writes, from the camp at Cambridge: "The account given of your navy, at the same time that it is unfavorable to our wishes, is a little provoking to me, inasmuch as it has deprived us of a necessary article, which otherwise would have been sent hither." He refers to powder, of which he had stood in great need for a long time, or for which only he was waiting to attack Boston. Mr. Sparks has "necessary articles," instead of a "necessary article," which Washington neither wrote nor meant to write.

In the same letter, Jan. 31, 1776, Washington wrote: "I hope my countrymen (of Virginia) will rise superior to any losses the whole navy of Great Britain can bring on them, and that the destruction of Norfolk, and threatened devastation of other places, will have no other effect, than to unite the whole country in one indissoluble band against a nation which seems to be lost to every sense of virtue, and those feelings which distinguish a civilized people from the most barbarous savages." Mr. Sparks prefers that Washington should have said "indissoluble bond" instead of "band," and that he should not have made the severe reflection upon the mother country, contained in the rest of the sentence. He accordingly leaves out all after the words, "indissoluble bond."

In a letter written a few days after, but which Mr. Sparks, with more than customary editorial license, chooses to make a postscript of its predecessor, General Washington, after stating a plan which he had formed for an attack upon Boston, says: "Whether circumstances will admit of the trial, and if tried, what will be the event, the All-Wise Dispenser of Events alone can tell." Mr. Sparks utterly spoils the antithetical force of the expression, by putting "result" in place of the word "event."

I fear I weary you with these illustrations, and yet I feel that I have conveyed but a very imperfect impression of the liberties which Mr. Sparks has taken with the text of his author. There is probably no one letter from Washington to Reed, in the whole collection, that does not contain a greater number of alterations than all that I have enumerated, put together. Nearly every one has been abbreviated to an extent varying from one to three quarters of a page. The letters average over twenty variations each. I select one of the shortest as a specimen of the whole, and give it entire, that you may better judge how much of Washington remained in it after it had been Sparked. All the passages in brackets have been stricken out by Mr. Sparks, and all in italics have been interpolated. It will be observed that he begins by leaving out all the introductory part of the letter:

\* [CAMP.] Cambridge, December 25th, 1775.

"DEAR SIR.—[Since my last, your favors of the 7th and 11th are come to hand, as also the 8th; the first, last night; the second, by Wednesday's post. For the several pieces of information therein contained I thank you. Nothing new has happened in this quarter since my last, except the setting in of a severe spell of cold weather, and considerable fall of snow, which, together, have interrupted our work on Letchmore's point, which



otherwise would have been completed before this. At first we only intended a bomb battery there, but afterwards constructed two redoubts, in one of which a mortar will be placed at a proper season, — a line of communication extends from the point of wood this side of the causey, leading on to Letchmore's point, quite up to the redoubt. From Boston and Bunker's Hill both we have received (without injury, except from the first case shot) an irregular fire, from cannon and mortars, ever since the 17th, but have returned none, except upon the ships, which we soon obliged to move off.]

"At the same time I thank you for stopping visitors in search of preferment; it will give me pleasure to show civilities to others of your recommendation. Indeed, no gentleman that is not well known ought to come here without letters of introduction, as it puts me in an awkward situation with respect to my conduct towards them.

"I do not very [well] much understand a paragraph in your letter, which seems to be taken from mine to Colonel Hancock, expressive of the unwillingness of the Connecticut troops to be deemed Continental.—[If you did not misconceive what Colonel Hancock read, he read what I never wrote, as] there is no expression in any of my letters that I can either recollect or find that has a tendency that way, further than their unwillingness to have officers of other governments mixed in their corps, in which they are not singular, as the same partiality runs through the whole. I have, in some measure, anticipated the desires of the Connecticut Delegates, by a kind of representation to each of the New England governments of the impracticability [in my eye] of raising our complement of men by voluntary enlistment, and submitting it to their consideration whether, if the powers of government [were] are sufficiently coercive, each town should not be called upon for a [proportionable] proportionate number of recruits. What they will do in the matter remains to be known. The militia [which] who have supplied the places of the Connecticut regiments, behave much better than I expected they would under our [wants] want of wood, barracks, [for they are not yet done,] and blankets, [ &c.] With these men, and such [men] as are re-enlisted, I shall hope, if they will be vigilant and spirited, to give the enemy a warm reception, if they think proper to come out. Our want of powder is inconceivable, a daily waste and no supply [administers] present a gloomy prospect.

"I fear the [destination] detention of the vessels from your port is so generally known as to defeat the end. Two men-of-war, [forty guns] it is said, put into New York the other day; and were [instantly] immediately ordered out, supposed [to be] for Virginia.

"I am so much indebted for the civilities shown to Mrs. Washington on her journey hither, that I hardly know how to [go about to] acknowledge them. Some of the inclosed (all of which I beg the favor of you to put in the post-office) are directed to that end. I shall be obliged to you for presenting my thanks to the commanding officers of the two battalions of Philadelphia, for the [honors] honor done to her and me, as also to any others equally entitled. I very sincerely offer you the compliments of the season, and wish you and Mrs. Reed, and your fireside, the happy return of a great many of them, being, dear Sir,

"Your [most obedient and affectionate humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."]

In a few instances it is clear that Sparks has made corrections which Washington would have approved of, but in most of the illustrations I have given, it is equally clear that Washington has suffered in his editor's hands. I might feel inclined to trouble you with some proof upon the point, if I did not feel that it was merged in a graver question, which I leave with the editors and reviewers to determine. It is for them to say whether it falls within the line of a historian's or a biographer's duty to alter or garble a historical document for any

purpose whatever. I have omitted to state that Mr. Sparks does not accompany these letters with any notes indicating the changes and omissions he has made, but leaves the reader to suppose all the time that he is reading the letters of Washington.

I have not examined the original MS. in the offices of the Departments at Washington, from whence Mr. Sparks obtained the mass of his letters, and am consequently not able to say whether he has taken the same freedom with those letters as with the Reed collection. I shall avail myself of the first opportunity to compare them, and will have pleasure in communicating the result to you.

*The Angel's Song: a Christmas Token.* By Rev. C. B. Taylor. Stanford & Swords.—This is a work by a popular clerical writer of the Church of England, somewhat on the plan of the Christmas stories of Charles Dickens. The Angel's Song is, of course, the Salutation to the Shepherds—the parent of all Christmas hymns, of all Christmas gladness. The lesson of glory to God, peace on earth, good will to men, is taught by the example of a truly Christian clergyman, who, compelled by ill health to leave his mountain parish in Wales in the depth of winter, passes the Christmas holidays, and some following weeks, in the hospitable mansion of a relative—whose family, though outward respecters of religion, have not embraced its full, life-giving influences. The old clergyman, by his sincere, seasonable, and courteous inculcation of divine truth, for he belongs to a school of divinity which holds with apostles of old, that to "be courteous" is a Divine command, wins the hearts of all, and, what is better, the souls of all.

The scene is laid at the commencement of the present century, when the almost universal lethargy of the Church of England had just been awakened by the publication of the poems of Cowper; and we have a portrait or two of clergymen of a class more common then than now, in sad contrast to the good rector of whom we have spoken.

The Christmas book comes a little after Christmas, but it will be none the less acceptable to those who honor Christmas, for they are as loath to withdraw their minds from the glad thoughts of the glad time, as they are to strip their churches of the evergreen wreaths devoted to its commemoration.

*Naomi; or, the Last Days of Jerusalem.* By Mrs. J. B. Webb. Phila.: H. Hooker.—Naomi is an historical tale, the scene of which is laid in Jerusalem, and the time is the destruction of the Holy City. It is a vivid presentation of the horrors of the fearful siege, so important an event both in sacred and profane history. The domestic incident, interwoven with the stirring public events narrated, is interesting, the style is animated, and there are one or two bold introductions of personages familiar to us in the Gospel narrative; as, for example, Mary the sister of Lazarus, who is represented in advanced age. These personages are presented in a proper manner in the present work, but we doubt whether the example is a wise one. We have already had the "men, women, and children" of the Bible sufficiently vulgarized by penny-a-line traffickers in devotion, we trust we are not to have them now dragged through a series of "religious" novels. We have reached quite near enough to such a consummation in the title of the present work, the Last Days of Jerusalem being evidently modelled on the Last Days of Pompeii. Are we to have a "religious" "Pelham" or "Eugene Aram" also?

*Essays and Miscellanies.* By Leigh Hunt. Philadelphia: A. Hart.—A republication of Hunt's Indicator and Companion, two of the most genial and agreeable of his many ingenious contributions to the most delightful essay literature of England. The reader who is not familiar with these papers may be sure that he will find in them food for the fancy, a kindly appreciation of the world, and the

art of extracting enjoyment from the most hackneyed everyday matters.

*American Flower-Garden Directory.* By Robert Buist. Philadelphia: A. Hart.—The fourth edition of a copyright work, prepared by a practical gardener, with a guide to the building of green-houses, the planning of gardens, as well as the nomenclature and cultivation of plants. A new list of evergreens has been added, with a new chapter on the rose.

*Portraiture of the New Testament Church Members.* By Charles Adams. Lane & Scott.—In a series of twenty chapters the duties of Christians are exhibited in this book, as they arise in the various relations of Church-membership, in the family, as wives and husbands, parents and children, brethren, in the State as rulers and subjects, in society, &c. The book is written in a simple, amiable spirit, we presume by a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and recommends itself not only by its scriptural authority, but by the directness of its style.

*Shakespeare's Seven Ages, illustrated.* London, Van Vorst; Boston, Little & Brown.—This is a small quarto volume, containing nine exquisite wood engravings from original designs by the first artists of England. The volume opens with Jacques moralizing

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.

This is from the pencil of John Constable. Seven illustrations follow, each illustrating one of the "Ages" of the soliloquy. The Schoolboy is placed in a pleasant rural landscape by William Collins; the "Lean and Slippered Pantaloon" is a quaint sketch, by Edwin Landseer, of an old man in profile looking at himself in a large mirror, with a woolly dog beside him, with a world of sententious moralizing in the eye half turned on his master. Last Scene of All, is an admirable picture by William Hilton: an old man muffled in wrappers, with feet in capacious socks, and further protected from the floor by the corner of one of his blankets drawn under them, is sinking back into his pillow, while a female attendant is blowing the embers of the decaying fire at his feet. The frontispiece is an admirable composition, by William Mulready, of the Seven Ages, all as we see them together on the scene of life. This admirable illustration alone is worth many times the price of the book. It has since been expanded by the artist into one of his finest pictures.

In addition to these art treasures the volume contains a very interesting preface on the treatment of the Seven Ages, by artists and authors, prior and subsequent to the great author to whose memory this volume is so beautiful a tribute.

*Divine and Moral Songs, for the Use of Children.* By Isaac Watts, D.D. Illustrated by Cope.—We noticed some time since (Lit. World, No. 92) the reprint of this beautiful edition of a classic, and gave some specimens of the illustrations. The English edition now before us claims, as the original, all the encomiums we bestowed on the copy. Both of these works are from the press of John Van Vorst, whose few and choice publications are the most beautiful issues of the London press. They are offered for sale in quantities by Messrs. Little & Brown of Boston, at prices lower than reprints are ordinarily held at.

*Outlines of Universal History.* By Thomas Keightley. Philadelphia: Hogan & Thompson.—The plan of this volume is clearly expressed by the author in his preface. It originally formed part of Lardner's Cyclopaedia. "As a portion of a Cyclopaedia, it is to the historical volumes what in an atlas the map of the world is to those which follow it;" and we may add, that as the map of the world is more often consulted than any of the other maps of the series, so this volume may be oftener in hand than many others of greater bulk and greater literary merit. Its usefulness to the teacher has been enhanced by the addition of a series of questions by the American editor, who has

also brought down the narrative of events to the present time.

*The Poetical Remains of the late Mary Elizabeth Lee.* With a Biographical Memoir by S. Gilman, D.D. Charleston, S. C.: Walker & Richards.—A volume of pleasing verse, the production of a lady recently deceased, many years of whose short life were passed in the sick room. The poems are chiefly devotional and pathetic, all exhibiting pure taste and true feeling. The poem, "To My Mother," is full of tenderness. Mr. Gilman's brief memoir is preceded by a simple and touching "Memorial," in verse, to the authoress, from the pen of William C. Richards, of the Southern Literary Gazette.

*Wacousta; or, the Prophecy. An Indian Tale.* By Major Richardson, author of "Ecarré," &c. Dewitt & Davenport.—This is one of those curiously-compounded works criticism stops at, because, in the first place, it is sure of the sympathies of a large circle of readers; shows talent throughout; and yet, at the same time, is scarcely amenable to the strict standards of judgment. One thing can be promised: that the author is in earnest, and narrates and exhibits scenes of great interest in a style not rarely spirited and eloquent, and that the publishers place the work before us in an attractive type.

*Dombey & Son.* By Charles Dickens. With Designs by Phiz (Hablot K. Browne, Esq.).—The merit and popularity of this work fully justify a re-issue of the beautiful New York Library Edition, which in point of typography, paper, and convenience of size, is unquestionably the best in the market; with the added attraction of something like forty well executed illustrations, designed by Phiz and executed by J. W. Orr. Copies of this standard edition are to be had at Mr. Craighead's, 112 Fulton street.

*The American Almanac for the Year 1851.* Boston: Little & Brown.—This useful publication, a standard of its kind, makes its twenty-second annual appearance, with its accustomed neatness of look, method in arrangement, copiousness of information, and accuracy of statement: in three well prepared divisions. Of these, the first is devoted to the calendar and celestial phenomena for the year; the second to the national organization of the Union in all its departments and functions of army, navy, consuls, &c., &c.; with a sub-section for the separate States, their domestic economy, products, &c., &c., with a multitude more of details of immediate utility and reference: altogether a very complete and comprehensive work.

*Maunder's Treasures of Knowledge* have long enjoyed a high English reputation, as among the very first works of their kind for completeness, and that brevity which is at least the soul of wit in a dictionary. An arrangement has been made, by which the original English editions of these works will be offered to the American public by Messrs. Appleton. The series embraces the Scientific and Literary Treasury, the Treasury of History, the Treasury of Natural History, the Treasury of Knowledge, and the Biographical Treasury, each forming a compact volume of over 800 pages, with knowledge not only packed tight in double columns of small, but clear type, but overflowing on the margin, each of the four sides of each page containing a sentence embodying a fact or a moral.

Messrs. HOGAN & THOMPSON, Philadelphia, have issued a new library edition of Shakspeare. The whole plays are included in four goodly octavos. The type is large, the paper good, and without pretensions to a modern critical edition, its notes are yet sufficient for a good understanding of the text, and they are unostentatiously placed, a thing to be desired by many readers, at the close of each volume. The numerous new editions of Shakspeare, all of them adapted to the permanent shelf of the library, show a new direction in publishing enterprise which speaks well for the trade and the public. The life prefixed to this edition, by Chal-

mers, might have been improved by the addition of the researches of Knight and Collier.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, it is stated in the *Leader*, has left an autobiography written in his own hand, paged and ready for the press—the publication of which, however, is to be withheld for the present from motives of delicacy.

Mr. Bohn has commenced a new series of publications, an Ecclesiastical Library, the first volume of which is a reprint of an American translation by the Rev. C. F. Crusé, of Eusebius.

The Annual Report of the Trustees of the Astor Library, states that the edifice is rapidly proceeding towards completion. The walls are ready to receive the roof, but a delay has taken place in consequence of a determination to change the material for covering the roof. It will be open to the public, beyond all doubt, in the Summer of 1852. The library now numbers 28,364 volumes, bound in 25,027 distinct volumes. The total receipts from all sources during the past year have been \$274,519 41. Of this amount \$8,273 42 were expended for books. The total amount of expenditures and investments during the same period was \$272,858 18. The Trustees have resolved to send their Superintendent, Joseph G. Cogswell, Esq., a second time to Europe, with a view to further and more extensive purchases. He will sail at an early day, in order that the object of his mission may be accomplished during the ensuing Summer, and time may be left for importing, binding, and arranging the books at the completion of the new building, in the Spring of 1852. The Trustees hope to be able, in the Summer of that year, to open the Library to the public with at least fifty thousand volumes. In the meantime every facility which it is in their power to afford with their present accommodations, is extended to all who resort to the Library in the pursuit of literary or scientific researches. The new building will be 65 feet front, 120 feet in depth, and 70 feet high.

To the above abstract from the *Tribune*, we may add, that Mr. Cogswell has just had printed at his own expense, an anticipatory catalogue of the Library to the extent of some fifty thousand volumes—the only instance of the kind, we believe, on record. The advantages of this for the fulness and unity of the library, the proportion of different departments, as well as a labor and time saving instrument to Mr. Cogswell in his proposed extensive European book-collecting tour and in the security against duplicates, are obvious. The public is to be congratulated on the possession of so devoted and thoroughly accomplished a servant of letters in this behalf as Mr. Cogswell. The good wishes of all lovers of literature go with him in the Africa.

The Paris Correspondent of the *London Literary Gazette*, has an entertaining paragraph touching Leon Gozlan, the Parisian author, to whom millionaire McDonough did not leave the legacy of francs for the entertainment of his novels. He has carried puffing to its utmost range:—"A curious specimen of what may be called the *mœurs littéraires* of this country was exposed a few days ago before a court of justice, in the course of some squabble between two tradesmen. Leon Gozlan, well known to the public as a dramatist, lately received a commission for the *feuilleton* of one of the daily newspapers. He immediately drew up a detailed account of the plot he intended to employ, with descriptions of the principal scenes and incidents. He then charged an advertisement agent to carry this document round to the principal tradesmen, and in his name to propose to them (of course for a consideration) to introduce their names and addressees, with puffs on their wares, in particular places. His prospectus ran somewhat in this way: 'Chapter I. Marriage of the hero and the heroine. (Here the author can introduce the name and address of the former's tailor and of the latter's milliner, with a glowing description of the excellence of the garments.) Chapter XX. The husband having obtained proof of his wife's guilt, rushes upon her

with pistols and poison, that she may choose which death she will die. (Names of gunsmith and druggist to come in here.) Chapter XXI. She dies, and is to be buried. (Name of Undertaker.) Chap. XXII. Turns out to be only in a trance, and is brought to life by Dr. —, — Street.' In short, there was not a single chapter nor a single incident which our ingenious author did not propose to make the vehicle of a puff. Opinions may perhaps differ as to the literary value of this new line of novel writing; but at least all will agree in admitting that it is a bold and daring advance in the noble art of advertising."

The same source supplies us with the following narration of certain liberal antiquarian publishing schemes of the French capital:—"In imitation of the English, certain societies were formed here, some years ago, for printing monkish manuscripts, quaint old books, provincial legends, and other literary treasures buried in public libraries beneath the dust of ages. To these associations we are indebted for the production of very curious or valuable works; and they will no doubt give us many more, though I am sorry to say that since the Revolution they are restricted by scantiness of funds. The government, on its part, devotes several hundred pounds yearly, besides freely giving the use of the presses of the *Imprimerie Nationale*, to the same species of publication. But all this still leaves a wide field open to the enterprise of private individuals; and it is highly to the credit of the French to say that there are a fair proportion of workers therein, notwithstanding there is little fame to be gained, and not the ghost of pecuniary profit to be hoped for. Some months ago I mentioned what M. Cousin had done, at his own expense, for the writings of the Monk Abeillard, who was as famous for his learning in olden time as in these latter days he has been for his melancholy love adventures with the beautiful Heloise. More recently I noticed the publication of the official records of the examinations and trial of Joan d'Arc—the result of which was the proof that she was a victim to the inquisition for alleged heresy and sorcery, and that the English had neither hand nor part in her barbarous murder; and now I have to announce that M. F. Genin, well known for various excellent publications, and especially for sundry very vigorous attacks on the order of the Jesuits, has just edited and had published, 'Le Chanson de Roland,'—one of the most renowned, though perhaps now least known poetical legends of the middle ages. This work is written in quaint old French, not easy to read, but it is full of charming *naïvetés*, of spirited descriptions of the great deeds of warriors of the olden time, and of awe-creating accounts of the dark machinations of necromancer, hobgoblins, and like spirits of evil."

Of the prince of French *feuilletonists*, M. Jules Janin, the *Leader* presents the last incident:—"It appears that the manager of the *Variétés* deprived J. J. of his right of admission, which furnished JANIN with a humorous *feuilleton* deploring his unhappy condition at being thus deprived of so immense a favor. The *Siècle* was angry at this insult offered to the first of critics, the pride of the *feuilleton*, and proposed that all the critics should henceforth ignore the *Variétés* altogether. This became alarming, and the manager wrote a letter to the *Siècle*, saying that he had deprived J. J. of his entrées because he had refused to notice the theatre unless an actress, whom he favored, were re-engaged there. The *Siècle*, knowing this to be false, refused insertion to the letter, and an action was brought to make it do so. But the Judge gave a negative to the application, and condemned the manager to costs."

Of literary statistics we have two paragraphs respectively from the *Leader* and the *Athenæum*:—"This is the age of newspapers. A recent calculation made in Vienna gives no less than 1282 journals and papers as actually known in Europe, not including therein Austria! There are of course many provincial papers not included in this list, but the following comparison is curious. In Paris 160 papers of various kinds are published; in



London, 97; in Berlin, 79; in Leipzig, 68; in St. Petersburg, 36. The number of journals published in Germany, exclusive of Austria, in the German language, is 645, nearly three times as many as Paris and London put together." "The *Journal de la Librairie* for 1850 publishes an account of the number of books, pamphlets, and works of all kinds published in France during the last year. They amount to 7,208. Of these, 4,711 have been printed in Paris, 2,460 in the provinces, and 37 in Algeria. 1,360 works are reprints or new editions, and 5,848 may be considered new publications. 6,661 are written in French, 68 in the different dialects spoken in the provinces of France, 53 in German, 61 in English, 2 in Arabic, 51 in Spanish, 83 in Greek, 9 in Hebrew, 16 in Italian, 165 in Latin, 14 in the Polish language, 16 in Portuguese, 4 in the Roumelian dialect, 1 in Russian, 2 in the Turkish language, and 2 are polyglot works. These 7,208 publications comprise 281 newspapers, partly new—79 of which have been printed and published in the departments, and 73 works printed by the lithographic process. We also find that 2,697 engravings and lithographs have been published in France in the course of 1850, 122 geographical maps and plans, 570 pieces of vocal music, and lastly, that 625 compositions of instrumental music have issued from the copper-plate and lithographic presses of Paris and the departments. In the above calculation we are particularly struck with the number of books published in the provincial dialects, and the small amount of English works printed last year. This looks as if the piratical trade was not flourishing in Paris just at present."

The *Athenæum* thus comments on a story in the new number of the *Quarterly Review*:—"The noble library of George the Third, which has hitherto been looked on as a gift to the British nation from his successor, turns out, after all, to be a purchase by the nation itself. George the Fourth, it is said, actually negotiated its sale to the Emperor of Russia, to meet his necessities; and was induced not to complete the contract only by Government, on the remonstrance of Mr. Heber, giving him out of the droits of the Admiralty the amount in sterling of the Russian rubles! If we are not mistaken, there is an inscription in the library announcing the gift of the books as from King George the Fourth. We have rubbed out the lying inscription on the Monument which ascribed the fire of London to the Roman Catholics:—why (if the *Quarterly* story is true) should we not deface the lying inscription in the British Museum? History should correct her false attributions of praise as well as those of calumny. The monarch in question, it is true, has left few worthy records behind him; but we knot not why the nation should be called on to supply his deficiencies by a forgery in his favor. The story of the *Quarterly*, however, needs confirmation."

An application has been made to the authorities of Oxford to permit the use of the University Theatre to Mr. Macready for a reading of Hamlet, the proceeds to be devoted by him to the fund for the preservation of Shakespeare's house.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's play, written in aid of the establishment of a new literary fund, is in the hands of the literary amateurs by whom it is to be acted.

The following extract from a letter by Prof. Rödiger has been handed to us by a gentleman of this city:—

"The meeting of philologists, school teachers, and Orientalists was held this year, from the 30th Sept. till the 3d Oct., in Berlin, after an intermission of two years, on account of political convulsions. The opening address, delivered by Böckh, was a splendid and masterly effort. Von Ladenberg, the Minister of Public Instruction, Joh. Schulze, Körtem, and Brüggemann, members of the Privy Council, and other high public functionaries, took part in the meeting. At the first sitting of the Oriental section, Alex. von Humboldt honored us with his presence. He listened to my scientific Annual Report, and interposed some remarks in his instructive and agreeable manner, at

the brief mention which I made of the second snowy mountain (called *Kénia*) discovered by Missionary Krapf, in Africa, one degree south of the equator. He also remained during the reading of a portion of Holtzmann's dissertation on the Median cuneiform writing. With the exception of these papers the meeting was mostly taken up with the business matters of the German Oriental Society; on which account several papers which had been announced could not be read, although they will be printed in the Society's journal. Among the classical philologists, papers were read by Gerlach of Basle, Mullach, F. Piper, Klein, and Gerhard. These likewise will be printed along with Böckh's address; and when they appear, I will see and send you copies of them. At the King's command the Antigone was performed; and all the gentlemen who composed the meeting were taken in a special train to Potsdam, and from the station we were driven in royal carriages, placed ready in attendance, through the gardens of Sanssouci, Glienicke, and Babersberg. On the evening of the second day a grand soirée was given by Böckh, at which Von Ladenberg and Humboldt were present. These opportunities for social intercourse, for making the personal acquaintance of authors long known by their works, and for renewing the intimacy of old fellow-students or of teachers and pupils, are not the least of the advantages of such reunions; and whether one listens to a learned dissertation more or less, is of comparatively little consequence. Prof. Lepsius conducted us over the beautiful and interesting Egyptian Museum, now almost completed; and I had the pleasure, along with several others of his more particular friends, of seeing many beautiful things at his residence."

M. Leopold Ranke, the German historian of the Popes, has discovered at the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, a manuscript portion of the memoirs of Cardinal Richelieu, which, up to the present time, has been regarded as utterly lost.

The "Eclectic Review," edited by Dr. Thomas Price and Dr. W. H. Stowell, has quadrupled its circulation since its reduction in price to 1s. 6d. a number.

The new number of the *North British Review* contains an article on the "Remains," privately printed, of the late Arthur H. Hallam, the subject of Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

Charles Eames, Esq., of New York, the well known lecturer and speaker, and who was assistant editor of "The Union" at Washington during the last presidential campaign, is henceforth to be associated with H. M. Watterson, Esq., in the conduct of the Nashville Union, the leading organ of the Tennessee "Democracy."

#### AMERICAN ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Society held a meeting on the 15th of February, at the rooms of Mr. E. G. Squier.

The following gentlemen were unanimously elected as the Society's Officers for the ensuing year:—

Rev. EDW. ROBINSON, LL.D., *President*.

Rev. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, LL.D., } *Vice*

J. W. FRANCIS, M.D., } *Presidents*.

WM. W. TURNER, *Corresponding Secretary*.

E. A. DUYCKINCK, *Recording Secretary*.

CHARLES WELFORD, *Treasurer*.

Mr. Turner read the following letter from John R. Bartlett, Esq., describing his journey from San Antonio to El Paso. Our readers are of course already acquainted with the principal particulars of this journey; but we are happy in being able to give this circumstantial account from the pen of the Commissioner himself:

"Mexican Boundary Commission,

"El Paso del Norte, Dec. 15, 1850.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"You may have heard, long before this, of my leaving the main body of the Commission at San Antonio, and coming with a small party in

advance. The delay of the Quarter-master first induced me to do so, and, in the second place, I preferred having a small and select party, on which I could depend, to being with the main body, composed of such a variety of materials, more liable of course to accidents, and in every way unmanageable. The old Texans at San Antonio tried to dissuade me from undertaking the journey with so small a party as I proposed taking (say 18 young men of our assistant engineers, 5 mechanics, 8 cooks, servants, hunters, &c.). They said the Indians would cut us off, and that we should never reach El Paso. But I was determined to venture, and selected young and daring fellows on whom I could depend. I compelled no one to go: all volunteered; and when I announced my intention, nearly every man begged permission to be of the party. I was compelled to keep it small, as every man added increased the quantity of provisions and baggage, and consequently our horses, mules, and wagons. When ready, my little party embraced 31 men, 1 traveller on his way to New Mexico, and 8 teamsters; 7 wagons, containing our provisions, corn for our animals, tents and equipage, baggage, &c., and my travelling carriage. I could procure no guide familiar with the northern route except a teamster who had once been through a portion of the way. This fellow proved himself so utterly ignorant of the route, and withal so stupid, that I sent him to the rear, and directed the train myself. If there had been a well trodden road all the way, there would have been no difficulty; but such was not the case. The road itself was faint; but after leaving Fredericksburg (a German settlement 70 miles north of San Antonio), I left the road entirely, taking a more northerly route, as advised, in the hope to find better grass, and by striking the small streams to obtain more water. I must confess that I did feel some little anxiety when I struck off into an unknown country, with no settlement within 650 miles in one direction; while, in the opposite direction, there was no human habitation within a thousand miles. My reliance was on the compass and my maps. With these guides I was sure of finding my way out; and my only anxiety was in finding places to ford the numerous streams in our course, and in passing the mountains. In crossing one river, the San Saba, we had to level a high bank and cut down trees and bushes to make it passable: then, by doubling our teams and pushing the wagons, we got over. For eight days we journeyed on without guide or landmark save the map, which at the most was imperfect and incorrect. There were two conical hills between which we were to pass in order to regain the old road. These, from their peculiar form, I made out with my glass two days before we reached them; and being well satisfied that they were the landmarks we desired, I laid my course for them, and the same evening struck the road once more. You may imagine, from what you know of my habits and course of life, that I felt a heavy responsibility in this journey, all the party, as it were, depending on me, for all were novices. Not one, save the so-called guide, had ever been to New Mexico; and two of them had had some experience among the rangers of Texas. But the young gentlemen of the party, who were to act as assistants to the engineers, were my main stay. They seemed anxious to have a brush with the Indians; and while crossing the most dangerous part of the Comanche and Apache country, where our so-called spies and hunters deemed it unsafe to leave the train, these young men dashed off two or three miles reconnoitring the country. We were all well armed with Colt's large six-shooters, besides various rifles and smaller pistols among the laborers, cooks, and teamsters. My carriage was quite an arsenal. The arms that I had would have enabled me to fire 38 shots without reloading. Although all this preparation was in one sense useless, it was still of service. We kept up a strong guard and rigid discipline; which gave us all confidence, and made our minds easy. We were without doubt followed and watched during the whole journey; but the Indians, seeing how we were mounted, and knowing by our wagons and

my carriage that it was not an ordinary emigrant train, did not venture to attack us. We had information that a war-party of Apaches were on our trail and quite near us, but we saw nothing of them. One night four mules were stolen, and another a fine horse was unloosed from a stake to which he was tied, and taken; but we saw no Indians, except a couple of chiefs and a small band of Lipans. To show how cautious these men are, they noticed me take my gun and go up a creek half a mile from camp to shoot ducks. Seeing me alone, they became alarmed, and sent two men after me, telling me there was great danger in going over a hundred yards from camp,—that the Camanches were on our trail, and would shoot any man who ventured far away. The necessity of this precaution prevented me from the gratification of sporting, though it was hard to resist the temptation when I saw flocks of turkeys and ducks at a short distance. Besides, my march was a forced one, and left little time or opportunity for leaving the course.

"We were always called before 4 o'clock in the morning,—took breakfast, struck our tents, stowed away our baggage, and were ready to march as soon as we could see. By one o'clock we generally stopped, though we had to be governed in the selection of our camping ground by the grass and water. On some few occasions we had to get along without water; and although we generally found grass, it was often so miserably parched that our animals suffered for the want of food to sustain them. We never travelled faster than a slow walk; hence you may imagine that we had to travel many hours to accomplish much of a distance. We were generally moving from eight to ten hours daily, and made from 16 to 28 miles. On one occasion, when we had a 'jornada' of 65 miles without water to pass, we travelled part of two nights, resting only an hour or two to rest the animals and take some food. The animals had nothing to eat until we arrived at the Pecos. Along this miserable stream we journeyed for five days. I say miserable; because it was muddy, brackish, and supported no vegetation. One hundred feet off you would not suppose a river was near, so completely is it concealed by its banks. It has no bottom land or valley, and does not sustain either shrub or tree. For a distance of 120 miles which we followed this stream, I did not see a tree. Its bed is about 10 and often 20 feet below its banks, which are always perpendicular, and hence difficult to approach. The plain on either side extends many miles, joining the desert some 10 or 12 miles distant. No part of the country watered by this river is susceptible of cultivation (at least so far as we traced its course). Much of it is encrusted with salt; and from the circumstance that there is no rain for many months, that there is no wood, and that the water is bad, I cannot conceive an inducement for settlers to come here. I was heartily sick of the Pecos, and feared that we might be caught by rain, in which case it would be impossible to move. Hence I exerted myself to the utmost to get beyond its low and muddy valley, if it may be called a valley. At length, on the 5th of November, we left it, and encamped on Delaware or Savine Creek, about 15 miles from its junction with the Pecos. Here the soil was gravelly; and the stream where we encamped was clear, and the water pleasant to the taste. There was no wood to be found; but the misfortune of others left some broken wagons near our camp, which we used for fuel.

"Our course was now nearly west to El Paso, and we already began to reckon when we should reach there. The distance was about 180 miles. But how completely were our plans frustrated when, on getting up the following morning, we found the ground covered with snow, and a pelting storm raging! This was our first experience of a norther. Our men could cover themselves with their blankets and india-rubber coats, but our poor animals trembled from head to foot; there was nothing to protect them. They sought shelter in the ravines, and we had to send many miles to get them back. I wrapped myself in my overcoat and

blankets, and stowed myself away in my carriage, amusing myself with reading Erman's Travels in Siberia. So passed the day.

"The following night was cold; the storm continued; rain, snow, and hail fell together; and I passed the most uncomfortable night I ever passed in my life; but I took no cold, and on getting our force together in the morning, found that all were well. I determined to push on, but the teamsters said it was impossible; besides many of the mules had strayed miles away, and could not be found. Our provisions were short, and a few days' delay would put us to very serious inconvenience. The snow continued to fall, and I determined to send an express to El Paso at once for aid. Four persons, Messrs. Thurber, Moss, Weems, and a teamster volunteered to go, and within two hours they started. The next day the storm abated, and we continued our march, but our animals now showed the effects of the cold: many gave out and were led, several teams came in with but two mules, and many of those who were mounted were compelled to walk. To rest my mules I walked the whole distance, and came in nearly two hours ahead of the train. The next day convinced me that we should be many days later than I expected in reaching El Paso; and as my business was of importance, I determined to take six young men, and, with Dr. Webb, the Secretary of the Commission, proceed at once to that place. This plan concluded on, I left, and in five days passed through; taking in my carriage the blankets and provisions of my party. I met a government train with provisions, which had been encamped 56 days, waiting for rain. Here I got provisions and sent to our train, which reached El Paso five days after me. The main body of the commission, which I left at San Antonio, have since arrived, by the southern route, in 56 days from that place. My journey was performed in 33 days, including stoppages.

"I am waiting for the winter to pass to begin operations. It is much too cold for surveyors to be in the field now. The mercury has been as low as 6° Fahrenheit, and the Rio Grande frozen over. Before closing let me add that there has been no case of illness save that of Col. McClelland.

"With regards to all my friends,

"I am very truly yours,

"JOHN R. BARTLETT."

Mr. Turner read a letter from W. Byrd Powell, M.D., Professor of Cerebral and General Physiology in the Memphis Institute, giving a list of crania in his possession, and proposing an exchange of duplicates of crania, or casts of crania. His list of crania in his possession, of which he can furnish casts, is the following:

1. Natchez, Monumental or Flat-head Indians.
2. Round-head or Monumental Indians, whose remains can be found extending from tide-water in Virginia to Florida.
3. Attakapas, a cannibal tribe. A few of them still live in Louisiana.
4. Winebago.
5. Wyandott.
6. Kaekasian.
7. Mexican.
8. Quapaw.
9. Choctaw, of the original mechanical deformity.
10. South American, tribe unknown.
11. Hitchetee, formerly of Alabama.
12. Delaware.
13. Shawnee.
14. Esquimaux.
15. Hindoo.
16. Tyrolese.
17. Modern Greek.
18. Cherokee.

The doctor desires crania or the casts of them of any tribe or people, but more particu-

larly those of the original Indians of New York and the adjoining states.

The following letter was read, from Mr. H. E. Ludewig, accompanying a new Map of the Isthmus of Panama, presented to the Society by its compiler, Dr. E. F. Autenrieth:—

"My friend, Dr. Autenrieth, presents his new and beautiful map of the Isthmus to our Ethnological Society. When he was in Panama he met one Mr. Tiedeman, who in Prussia had been a topographical engineer; and after having been here for nearly a year, engaged in drawing, building, &c., went off to California, but could not get further than Panama. Tiedeman, who is a very good draughtsman, was engaged by Dr. Autenrieth to compile a map of the Isthmus, to take a plan of the city of Panama, and to draw a map of the projected Railroad over the Isthmus of Panama. For the map of the Isthmus, Dr. Autenrieth has consulted all the Spanish and manuscript maps he could get hold of in Panama, and he has corrected it after the best new maps and charts since his arrival in New York, where, for some three to five months, he has been busily engaged in its publication.

"Dr. Autenrieth is about to return to Panama, next month if possible. He intends to publish his three maps separately, and is to give a short text to the map of the railroad, a manuduction to those who cross the Isthmus. A larger historical work on the Isthmus he has in preparation, but I fear that after he has gone back to Panama he will be more engaged in medical practice than in writing books."

Mr. SQUIER observed, that—

The engraver of the map had introduced a supplementary section of Central America, comprehending the river San Juan, Lake Nicaragua, etc. It had been copied from the imperfect maps hitherto published, and perpetuated their errors. All these maps made the superior Lake, that of Managua, or, as it is sometimes (though incorrectly) called, Leon, much too small—not more than one sixth the size of Lake Nicaragua, whereas it was nearly half as large. The Gulf of Fonseca was also represented as disproportionately small, and placed in too high a latitude. Its lower extremity approached nearer to Lake Managua; and the "Estero Real," debouching in its southern extremity, extended in a nearly right line to within twenty or thirty miles of the lake just named.

Mr. Squier proceeded to exhibit a new map of Central America, recently published in London by Mr. Trelawney Saunders, from an original by Mr. John Bailey, an English gentleman resident in Guatemala, who was employed by President Morazan, under the Confederation, to survey the route of a canal between the two oceans, via the Lake of Nicaragua. This map, which he believed to be the only one in private hands in this country, was much fuller than any heretofore published, and was generally accurate. But the particular errors which he had pointed out in the other maps seemed rather exaggerated in this; which was the more surprising, as Mr. Bailey must have personally passed over a considerable part of the Nicaraguan territory. The positions and sizes of the islands in the Gulf of Fonseca were utterly wrong. So too were the boundaries of the states, or the political divisions of the country. For this, however, Mr. Bailey was in no degree responsible, inasmuch as Mr. Saunders had confessed, when questioned on the subject at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, that he had fixed these limits in accordance with instructions from the Foreign Office. For instance, the northern boundary of Costa Rica was represented to be the river San Juan and Lake Nicaragua; whereas, by the Constitution of that State, it was fixed many leagues below both. Mr. Squier observed that the motives or objects of this falsification were foreign to the present inquiry of the Society, and perhaps hardly legitimate subjects of remark. He, nevertheless, could discover no wide difference, in point of turpitude, between such falsification and downright forgery.



Mr. Squier also laid before the Society a copy of a sectional map of Nicaragua, communicated by him to the Government, and published in connexion with his despatches. He observed that it was hastily done, and incorrect in some of its details, but that its principal features were reliable. A map of Central America, he was happy to say, embodying the latest geographical information respecting the country, was in course of publication by Mr. Colton, the map publisher of this city. He had seen some of the proofs, and was satisfied as to its general accuracy.

Mr. Squier laid before the Society the sheets of his work on the Aboriginal Monuments of New York, just published by the Smithsonian Institution, as also some of the sheets of his work on "The Serpent Symbol, and the Worship of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature in America." Also a work, by Mr. L. H. Morgan of Rochester, a Member of the Society, on the Iroquois Confederation. This work had one feature of special interest. It is an Aboriginal Map of the State, indicating the geographical limits of the various tribes, at the period of the first European intercourse, the sites of their towns and villages, their ancient trails, and the aboriginal names of the principal natural features of the state—its rivers, lakes, mountains, etc., so far as they have been ascertained or preserved. Mr. Squier expressed the hope that this map might be carefully examined by the intelligent inhabitants of western New York, with a view to the restoration of the aboriginal names of places, or at least to their substitution, for the pedantic nomenclature at present existing. Why should the sonorous *Daosanoga* be supplanted by Alexandria; *Deodesnte* by Livonia; *Ganagweh* by Palmyra; *Nundawao* by Naples; *Goosagao* by Victor; or why should Tully usurp the name of *Tekanadeahs*; Pompey that of *Deiwagahs*; Camillus of *Oyahau*; Jordan of *Wanauto*; Vernon of *Teonatale*; or Lenox that of *Skauciala*?

Mr. Ludewig laid before the Society a manuscript in German, by Dr. C. A. A. Zestermann of Leipsic, entitled "The Colonization of America in Ante-historic Times by Natives of the Northwest of Europe." Dr. Z. desires to have his views critically scrutinized by American scholars, and to be embraced or rejected, as they may prove to deserve.

## FINE ART GOSSIP.

LEUTZ's painting of Washington crossing the Delaware has been purchased by Messrs. Goupil & Co., who intend exhibiting it throughout the United States, and will also have it engraved in line in a style fully equal to their best publications. The work is by far the most important which the artist has yet attempted, being of larger dimensions than the *Martyrdom of Huss* by Lessing.

The note of preparation for the spring exhibition of the Academy of Design is being vigorously sounded in various directions. Among the attractions promised are a number of fine landscapes by Kensett, a Thanksgiving Dinner by Thompson, a fine head by Gray, landscapes by Durand, &c. The *Post* notices one or two productions likely to be seen on the occasion. "Among the pictures lately sent by Chapman, from Italy, is a little view of the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence, with a group in front, consisting of a carriage filled with travellers just arrived in the city, followed in full chase by a crowd of porters, eager to secure the carrying of the baggage with which the vehicle is piled. The scene is characteristic of Italy, and every figure in this little piece—horses, postillion, travellers, and the *facchini* who are in pursuit—is full of life and spirit. The picture is at Gray's studio, in Franklin street, where is another larger painting by Chapman, representing a Florentine lover and lady in the costume of three hundred years ago. Gray has just finished a cabinet picture of great merit, to which he has given the name of 'Quiet Influences.' A young female figure—not too young for grave reflection—is seated at an open window, just as evening is com-

ing on, absorbed in thought. The glimpses of vegetation seen without seem to indicate the close of summer, and the landscape swims in the deepening twilight. A guitar is at the feet of the lady; a book half open, apparently just laid aside, is on the chair near her, while she surrenders herself to the tranquillizing and meditative influences of the hour. The accessories are finely conceived, and the whole piece is charmingly painted."

"The wood engravings of Downing's *Horticulturist*—designs for buildings or drawings of particular country seats"—says the *Evening Post*, "are executed by Dr. Alexander Anderson, a native New Yorker, who was the earliest wood engraver of our country, and who has already reached his seventy-seventh year. He began to engrave, not on wood, but on type metal, in the last decade of the last century. It was then the only material for the purpose with which he was acquainted. Learning that wood was used for engraving, he procured a block of dogwood—the flowering cornel, *cornus florida*—and on trial found it to answer the purpose much better than type metal. His engraving is, even yet, as sharp and delicate in its lines as if executed by youthful hands with the aid of youthful eyes."

The new Bridgewater Gallery in London is to be completed, and the paintings hung so as to be ready for the inspection of the public on the opening of the Great Exhibition in May. This collection is the property of the Earl of Ellesmere, and is one of the finest private collections in the world.

The *Cincinnati Chronicle* gives a letter from D'Arcy, the owner of the Greek Slave, to the President of the Western Art-Union. He (D'Arcy) does not seem disposed to sell his beautiful Slave at any price, just at present. He says he has already received several liberal offers for her from different sources, and he will take time to determine which to accept. Among the bidders is P. T. Barnum, the only man in the Union who could effectually bid Jenny Lind to cross the Atlantic, and who understands how to give as well as to get the highest prices for the best cards. The great and exciting question, 'Who will get the Greek Slave?' is now revived, and several weeks, if not months, will probably elapse before it can be definitely answered. We hope, however, that it will be a long time before the Greek Slave is removed from the native city of the author of her incomparable perfections.

Maclise has painted Macready in the character of Werner.

An estimate of the price current of works of the great living painters of France may be made from the following prices at a recent picture sale in Paris:—A small painting of a mother teaching her children how to read, by Paul Delaroche, 4,500 fr.; three pieces by H. Vernet, Review of Napoleon at the Tuileries (in black and white), 3,000 fr.; an Episode of the Siege of Saragossa, 6,100 fr.; The Good Samaritan, 7,400 fr.; A Turkish School, by Decamps, 21,000 fr.

A fine porcelain model of the Palace of the Emperor of China has recently been added to the Louvre.

A marvellous discovery of an original portrait by Michael Angelo is treated with much incredulity by the *Athenæum*, an usually safe authority.

## FACTS AND OPINIONS

OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND MOVEMENTS OF THE DAY.

"Or all the strange projects," says the *London Literary Gazette*, "to which the sudden discovery of gold in California gave rise, there was none perhaps so extravagant as that of Jacques Arago. He is stone blind, and has been so for years; and yet he placed himself at the head of a band of gold-seekers, and conducted them to California! Recently he returned to Paris, with little gold—nay, with none: but in his voyage to and fro he met with some most extraordinary adventures, and he is about to communicate them to the public in a volume. He is a brother of the Arago of the

Institute, and is remarkable for his conversational powers. As an author, too, he has gained deserved distinction by sundry romances, *nouvelles*, and dramas; but perhaps his most striking work is a narrative of a journey round the world, which, in spite of his blindness, he undertook and safely accomplished."

"A private letter from Berne to a gentleman in this city, under date of December 16," says the *National Intelligencer*, "contains the following interesting information:—To-day the Treaty [with the United States] will receive the unanimous sanction of the popular branch of the National Assembly; on Wednesday that of the Senate. Both bodies act upon it in open session. \* \* \* The message written by the President of the Republic, communicating the Treaty to the National Assembly, is the most complimentary document to the United States of any that ever emanated from the Executive Department of a foreign Government. One of the most distinguished members proposed that it was not enough that the vote should be unanimous, but that the roll should be called in order that each member might have an opportunity to record his name in favor of a measure which was destined to exercise a great moral and political influence, not only in Switzerland, but in Continental Europe. This was done, and not a voice was recorded in the negative. Instead of taking article by article, as is usually the case, the treaty was adopted *en bloc*."

"The committee which reported the treaty have recommended the establishment of a permanent mission at Washington, and in the course of next summer, if the Senate approve the treaty, a *Chargé d'Affaires* will be appointed."

"The same letter contains also the following item of information:—A block of marble will soon be on its way to the United States, obtained by the Swiss Government from the Alps, to take its place in the Washington Monument. It is of the description so much admired by the old Romans. Beautiful thought! to behold the mountains of Switzerland contributing to perpetuate the honest fame of the immortal father and founder of our country, as the Swiss statesmen are contributing to give durability to the institutions which resulted from his noble efforts to benefit mankind."

The *Cincinnati Gazette* contains an engraved view of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Cathedral, now about being completed in that city. The building was commenced in 1841. It is 200 feet long by 78 feet broad, and 56 feet high, while the spire raises its head 221 feet from the ground. The fluted columns that uphold the roof measure 35 feet, and are surmounted by Corinthian Capitals 3½ feet in diameter. It contains an immense organ, 2,700 pipes and 44 stops, which cost \$5,500. A fine chime of bells is to be placed in the spire as soon as it is completed. The entire cost of the buildings and grounds is set down at \$120,000.

At the close of the last fiscal year there were in West Point Academy, 244 cadets. Of these there were: sons of planters, 70; of mechanics, 16; of lawyers and judges, 34; of merchants, 36; of hotel keepers, 2; of physicians, 18; of army and navy officers, 18; of professors and bank officers, 32; of aldermen, 4; of government officers, 7; unknown 7.

It is proposed to form in the new museum, at Manchester, a collection of all the machines which have been used in connexion with cotton manufacture.

A French newspaper paragraphs the rats in the Tuileries:—"The Tuileries having been so long uninhabited, a vast multitude of black and grey rats have established an immense phalanstère in the cellars of the once Royal château. Some old shoes, old hats, and some sacks of potatoes, which had been left there, have up to this time amply served them for provisions, and as there was a direct communication between the cellars and the Seine they had everything they required to lead a very joyous life. Recently, however, they have been making incursions into the houses of the rue de Rivoli, and the inhabitants having made a complaint to the Prefect of the Seine, orders were

given to the person charged with the destruction of the vermin to organize a *rassia* against those intruders. It is said that on entering the cellars he found a complete mass of these black and grey rats, which formerly were mortal enemies, who now appeared to be living on fraternal terms; and in consequence of the crossing of the breeds many of them were dark on the backs and with white bellies and tails. The skins of this race are considered valuable. The night before last the rat-catcher of the capital commenced setting his traps, and on the following morning he had caught 847. According to custom, the tails were cut off and sent to the Hotel de Ville, in order to support the claim for the usual gratuity."

In the obituary of the week we have to chronicle the death of Major Auguste Davezac, in this city, on the fifteenth of February, at the advanced age of 71. Major Davezac's laurels rested on his participation in the battle of New Orleans, in which he was aide to General Jackson—whose friendship he always afterwards enjoyed,—receiving the diplomatic appointment of *Chargé* at the Court of the Netherlands from his hands. He returned to this country and took part in the Polk campaign, again revisiting the Hague in his former capacity—where he was lately superseded by Mr. Folsom. Mr. Davezac had a ready command of oratory, and, as we have had occasion frequently to observe, an engaging narrative conversational style which always delighted his listeners. The secret of this was to a great extent traceable to the French idiom—the neatness of arrangement and picturesque description incident to that language. He was the author of a memoir of his brother-in-law, the late Edward Livingston.

The English obituary brings to us the names of the Marquis of Northampton, a distinguished supporter of the Fine Arts, for many years President of the Royal Society, and author of several Poems; Mrs. Shelley, widow of the Poet, the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wolstonecraft, author of *Frankenstein*, the *Last Man*, *Lodore*, &c.; Maxwell, the author of the *Wild Sports of the West*, &c., a spirited writer and frequent contributor to the magazines.

The *Charleston Sun* extracts the following curious incident from a journal of Florence, of the 8th January. At a representation of the opera on the evening of the 6th inst., at the Pergola Theatre, an artiste, who was making his first appearance in one of the most famous rôles of Lablache, received from the public unequivocal signs that their estimate of his abilities as an *Iniegeo* were far different to his ideas. Transported with fury, he seized a dagger, rushed in among the audience, and attacked two of the spectators, who were desperately wounded in the face. Fortunately for him, he was at once carried off by the police, and barely escaped lynching—the indignation of the audience knowing no bounds.

The *Evangelist* says that there is considerable talk of making Bishop Hughes a Cardinal. On the 5th of January, the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, preached to a full audience at the American chapel, and on the next day Archbishop Hughes made a short address at the Propaganda.

Col. Beckwith, the well known friend of the Waldenses, has succeeded in obtaining from the Piedmont government permission to build a Protestant church for Italians, at Turin. A fine site has been purchased, and preparations are in progress to erect a suitable building during the next summer.

#### VARIETIES.

FOR THE LITERARY WORLD, FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

**DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.**—A Yankee and a Frenchman owned a pig in compartment. When killing time came, they wished to divide the meat. The Yankee was very anxious to divide so that he would get both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the proper way to divide was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to it, on condition that he would turn his back and

take choice of the pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back and the Frenchman asked him, "Vieh piece will you have, ze piece wid ze tail to him, or the piece vot ain't no tail?" "I take the piece with the tail," replied the Yankee. "Den you can take him, and I take ze oder one," said the Frenchman. Upon turning round, the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it into the pig's mouth.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

**MEANING OF "GE-HO."**—"I am a little girl, only two years and five months old, and my kind aunt Noo teaches me to spell. Now, I hear the men, when driving their horses, say 'Ge-ho'; and I think they say so, because G O spells 'Go.' Is it so, can anybody say? I am, your youngest correspondent, *Katie*." [Better etymologists than *Katie* have made far worse guesses than our youngest correspondent. But in Brand's "Popular Antiquities," by Ellis, vol. i. p. 294, ed. 1841 (the passage is not in the last edition), is the following curious illustration of the phrase *Ge-ho*:—"A learned friend, whose communications I have frequently had occasion to acknowledge in the course of this work, says the exclamation *Ge-ho, Ge-ho*, which carmen use to their horses, is probably of great antiquity. It is not peculiar to this country, as I have heard it used in France. In the story of the milkmaid, who kicked down her pail, and with it all her hopes of getting rich, as related in a very ancient collection of apologues, entitled "Dialogus Creaturarum," printed at Gonda, in 1480, is the following passage:—"Et cum sic gloriaretur et cogitaret cum quantâ gloriâ duceretur ad illum virum super equum dicendo *gio gio*, cepit percutere terram quasi pungeret equum calcariibus." Brand's learned correspondent was, doubtless, the late Mr. Douce, from whom the writer of this note has often heard the same illustration.]—*Notes and Queries.*

**A NATURAL MISTAKE.**—A little girl, seeing it written over inn doors, "Good stabling and an ordinary on Sundays," thought that the stabling was good on week days, but only ordinary on the Sabbath.

**On dit**, that a Scottish churchman lately remarked, relative to the papal agitation, "Weel, sir, the Beast has got an awfu' thrashin' the day," to which a dissenter replied, "Deed, I think it's only ae beast thrashin' anither."

#### PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Ala., is our General Travelling Agent for ALABAMA and TENNESSEE, assisted by B. B. BRETT.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS, ETC.

J. S. REDFIELD announces "Illusions of Supernaturalism," by Mrs. Crowe; a Sequel to that author's "Night-side of Nature." Also the new edition of Phillips's "Recollections of Curran and his Contemporaries."

Lea & Blanchard, Phila., have in press the new *Life of William Penn*, by Hepworth Dixon, author of the "Prison World of Europe."

A. S. Barnes & Co. announce Mrs. Willard's *History of the United States*, in Spanish. American Institutions, and their Influence, by M. de Toequeville. The *Orthoepist*, by J. H. Martyn.

E. H. Butler & Co., Phila., announce Dixon and Kerr's *Ornamental and Domestic Poultry*. The *Freemason's Manual*. Becker's *Book-keeping*.

"Popery: British and Foreign," is the title of a new publication by Walter Savage Landor.

A library edition of "The Poems and Dramas of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton," to include several pieces not hitherto published, is announced.

Richard Doyle, the ex-illustrator of Punch, is soon to issue "A Panorama of the Industry of All Nations."

PROF. HART, one of the editors of Sartain's Magazine, is engaged upon a work on the Female Prose Writers of America. It is to be a royal 8vo. of five hundred pages, with numerous portraits in the finest style of line and stipple engraving, exe-

cuted in London; and in a corresponding style of printing. Authors are invited, personally, or through their friends, to forward to Prof. Hart materials for the biographical and critical notices, addressed to the care of E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia, who are to publish the work.

THE NEW YORKER daily newspaper, under the management of Wm. Fairman (with the joint editorship of Mr. Fairman & C. D. Stuart, Esq.), is exhibiting spirit and enterprise in its editorial articles, and particularly in the character and excellence of its "outside" selections. Among these they have been the first to publish, in this country, Mr. Thackeray's new story, with the spicy preface in reply to the Times' Critic.

#### NEW PUBLICATION FROM THE OFFICE OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

WE have to announce to our friends and the public that the property of Holden's Dollar Magazine having passed into our hands, we shall henceforth issue that publication under the title of THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE. The first number under the new management will be the April number, which will be issued in advance early in March. It will embrace many important improvements, and will include the essential features of the best five dollar magazines. It will be conducted with the best resources for Novelty and Entertainment which we can bring into its service. Ample provision has been made for its support in Series of new and attractive engravings, popular tales of home and foreign life—poems—sketches—new illustrations of American trade and commerce—the presentation of choice literature in every form, and the *Miscellany of the Day*, in a novel and agreeable manner. An announcement of the contents of our first number will be found on the last page of this week's Literary World. We ask the attention of our readers to this announcement, and frankly call for the support of the subscribers and readers of the Literary World to an undertaking which will carry out—in numerous ways—the best spirit of this journal in the novel and original devices of a popular magazine.

The Dollar Magazine and the Literary World—entirely distinct and separate publications—will both be published from the same office, which is now removed from our old quarters in Broadway to more convenient and larger accommodations at 109 Nassau street, where all communications for either periodical are henceforth to be addressed.

E. A. & G. L. DUYCKINCK.

\*.\* The attention of Agents, Postmasters, and efficient and responsible canvassers, is particularly directed to the Dollar Magazine. Its cheapness and the attractiveness of its contents appeal to all classes of purchasers.

THE Terms of Subscription of the DOLLAR MAGAZINE are ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, payable always in advance, to be remitted to the Publishers, E. A. & G. L. DUYCKINCK, 109 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, when the work will be mailed for One Year to any Post-office Address, or delivered at any Residence in the City of New York or Brooklyn.

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